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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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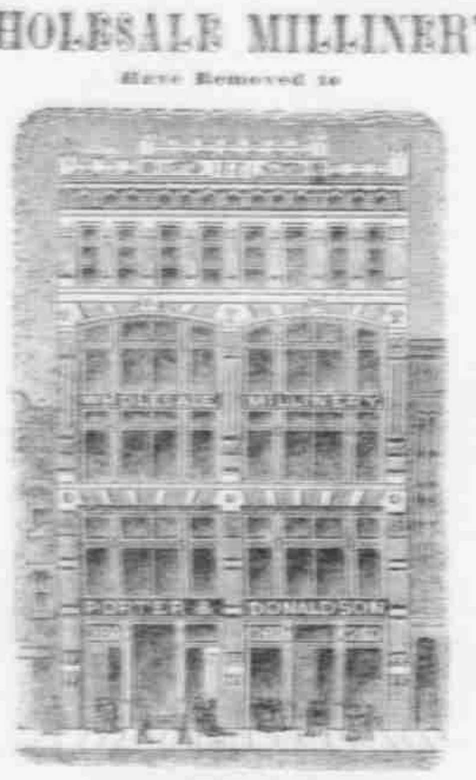
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FOR FINISHING WALLS AND CEILINGS.
[illegible] Alabastine [illegible] SEELEY BROS., 32 Burling Slip, New York [illegible]

GUENTHER'S LUNG HEALER,
FOR THE CURE OF
CONSUMPTION
Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh of Chest, and all Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.
Price, 50 cents and $1.00. Ask your Druggist for it.



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will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

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enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

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Ladies and all sufferers from neuralgia, hysteria, and kindred complaints, will find it without an equal.

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THE INVALUABLE DOMESTIC REMEDY!
PHENOL SODIQUE.
[illegible]
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND GENERAL STOREKEEPERS [illegible]

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to report distribution of the fund in the hands of Valentine Cramer, surviving executor of the last will and testament of James J. McGough, deceased, as shown by his first and partial account, hereby notifies all parties interested, that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, May 2?, 1882, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend, if they see proper.
M. D. KITTELL, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 21, 1882.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MARY ANN BRADLEY, dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of Mrs. Mary Ann Bradley, late of Loretto Borough, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment is required, and those having claims or demands against the same will serve their own interests by presenting them properly probated for settlement.
JOSEPH BOGUE, Administrator.
Loretto, April 21, 1882.-6t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.
Estate of PATRICK SMITH, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Patrick Smith, late of Tunnelhill borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that prompt payment must be made, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
JULIA SMITH, Administratrix.
Tunnelhill, April 14, 1882.-6t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JOHN BRADLEY, dec'd.
Having been appointed Administrator de bonis non of the estate of John Bradley, late of Loretto borough, Cambria county, deceased, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them in legal form for settlement.
JOSEPH BOGUE, Administrator.
Loretto, April 21, 1882.-6t.

WM. H. SECHLER, Johnstown, Pa. M. D. KITTELL, Ebensburg, Pa.
SECHLER & KITTELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.
OFFICES in Luther & Geer's large brick building, corner Main and Clinton sts., Johnstown and in Colonade Row, Ebensburg. [7-1,'81.]

GIVEN AWAY.
Zimmerman Fruit Dryer
How and for Terms, Address
ZIMMERMAN FRUIT DRYER CO., Cincinnati, O.
April 14, 1882.-1m.

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING
A Treatise on their speedy cure SENT FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, P.O. Box 138, Chicago, Ill.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 27 Stops, 10 set Reeds, only $90. Pianos $125 up. Rare Holiday Inducements Ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

DOING HIS DUTY.

It was noon and close upon the hour of 12. Scattered over a large building in course of erection were a number of workmen—carpenters, masons and bricklayers—most of whom kept their ears upon the stretch in expectation of the bell ringing to proclaim the dinner hour. Hard by was the river, where a barge was moored, and laborers bringing planks from it to the building with the regular step characteristic of all work with method in it.

The laborers numbered about twenty in all, and they were headed by one who filled the post of "runner," that is, a man who regulated the movements of the rest by leading to and from the works. The man employed for the office in this case, was one Robert Ryan, a steady, earnest, sober man.

Ryan was only a laborer, and it was as much as he could do to read good print and write his name occasionally when it was required; but he was a man with a strong sense of what was right and wrong, and with a decided leaning toward the right. It was this feeling which prompted him to abandon drink and join the temperance society. "I may like beer," he said, "and I may like loafing about in a public house with my mates; but it is not right for me to do so when my wife and child must be the sufferers." So he gave up drink, fought out, by Divine assistance, the fight with temptation until he conquered, and then settled down, a sober, happy man.

Sobriety led to something better. As he had not the public house to spend his Sundays in, he wisely sought a seat in God's house.

Such a man could not long pass unnoticed, and Ryan was soon selected from the mass of laborers and appointed to the post of "runner," for which he obtained an extra sixpence a day. Mr. Collins, his master, would have done something more for him, but Ryan's education was very defective, and the post of foreman was for the present out of the question. Ryan, however, was content, and worked on, receiving his weekly wages thankfully and spending them on domestic comforts like a prudent man.

The laborers were marching from the barge, each with a plank upon his shoulder, when the bell suddenly rang. The man next to Ryan immediately threw down his plank, but Ryan walked steadily on.

"Hold hard, Ryan," cried the third man; "did you hear the bell?"

"I heard," said Ryan, "but we have only a step or two to go; why pitch the stuff about in the mud in that way?"

The man who had thrown down his plank took it up with a surly air and fell into the ranks again. Ryan walked to the building, put his burden on the top of the pile, and the rest, more or less sulky, followed his example.

"There," he said, "look at the clock—not quite a minute past and we have saved ourselves no end of trouble, and the master ten minutes time by bringing our work to the proper place."

"But time is time," urged the man who had thrown down his plank; "the master expects us to be here at the minute, and we like to leave off at the minute, too."

"Still, stretching a point in his favor now and then does us no harm," returned Ryan, "and I think it the more manly thing to do."

The men did not stop to discuss the subject then, but hurried away to dinner. Many of them were far from home, and some had their dinners brought; others bought something at the cook shop, but nearly all went to the public house. There in the tap room the conduct of Ryan was discussed, and Richard Morgan, the man who had thrown down the plank, led the van in a tirade against the "runner."

"It is bad enough to be nigger-driven by the master," he said, "but for one of our own lot to go against us is more than I can stand."

"But you must go with the runner," said one of the listeners.

"With a runner," returned Morgan, "but not with Ryan. If I headed the gang you should have easy times, I can tell you."

"Until you got the sack," said the previous speaker, with a laugh.

Morgan had a certain power of speech—"gift of the gab" his mates called it—and until it was time to return to work he held forth on Ryan's base conduct, and found many willing ears.

From that time Ryan became a marked man; the men followed him as of old, but they did all they could to annoy him. He was a powerful man and could easily have beaten any one of his assailants; but he steadily refused to fight, and bade them go home and think, and then return to their work wiser men.

After a time Ryan's patience bore fruit and many of the men ceased to annoy him; but Morgan, with the rancor of a little mind, only grew more furious as he saw the chance of ruining Ryan slipping away. Day and night, in work and out of work, he kept his tongue going, calling his fellow laborers "slaves," and was very great on the subject of "division of property," which would enable every man to live in peace and comfort—"without work."

The men often laughed at his extravagant assertions; but some of his ideas took root, and a feeling of discontent gradually became general. Misunderstandings were developed into deliberate assaults upon the liberty and comfort of the men, hasty words magnified into studied insults, and the train was laid for one of those suicidal movements called "a strike."

While this was impending, Ryan was called to account before a committee of the men, who held their meeting in a field close to the work.

Morgan attended as an accuser, with the majority of the men employed as audience.

Ryan's answer was as follows:

"I've heard Morgan," said he, looking that man boldly and honestly in the face; "and I can only say that it isn't true in the main, and, although I can't exactly point out where, it is untrue. Morgan's got a good head, and I've got just sense enough to know what's right, and that's all. According to my notion of things, I only do my duty, and as I am paid for it I shall do it while I have the health and strength to keep at my work. I don't say that the masters are always right, because they are not," continued Ryan; "but when a man undertakes to do his work he ought to do it, and if he does some times carry a plank half a dozen yards when the bell is ringing what's the odds? Look here, mates, we are always talking about the masters showing us consideration, and it comes to this, if we take we must give too. I'll not stand up against those as works with me, and I'll not say a word behind your backs. The masters must fight their own battles, and they are able to do it, but I must speak to you as mates. I take my stand on right, and no man can be right unless he does his duty."

Ryan's notions were not particularly popular, but his words carried weight with them. More than one listener felt that he only acted as an honest man; but Morgan and his followers were the stronger party, and at a private meeting in the evening it was decided that a round robin should be sent in against the 'runner,' demanding his dismissal. It was drawn up, signed by the committee and put before the men on the morrow. The majority signed easily enough; but a few did it partly against their will.

Mr. Collins received the message from his men and said he would consider it. He laid it before his partner, a gentleman who had money in the business, but no practical knowledge of it, and the pair weighed over the consequence of refusing the unseemly request. Mr. Collins knew the character of Ryan and liked him. In his branch he was the best man upon the works, and it was much against his desire to part with him.

"If we give way this time," he said, "we shall soon have another request one impossible to comply with, perhaps. I have seen the feeling growing among the men; we have too many talkers, and a strike is inevitable; it may as well come now as a month hence."

And so it was decided. The answer was sent to the men, and it was "NO."

This brought the storm down. A hurried and angry meeting was held, with Morgan and others for speakers, and they all advocated one thing—"Strike and bring the masters to their senses." Notice of the strike was given, and on Saturday the works were closed.

Then followed the usual state of things.—Pickets were posted in every avenue leading to the works to stop men from coming, and the men not so employed stood about in groups talking over the strike or lounged about in the bar of the public house discussing the same thing. There was little or no violence at first; the men were for the most part disposed to be peaceable, and were imbued with a firm conviction that they were in the right; and Ryan, who was still kept on at the works doing odd jobs, went to and fro without molestation. This did not suit Morgan, who, being a thriftless man, soon began to feel the want of the usual wages. He had no allowance from the society, but that speedily went, for people like him who talk all day cannot do without drink, and Morgan had a most decided weakness for beer. His rancor increased with his penury, and it was not long before he persuaded himself that all his deprivations were the work of Ryan.

Morgan did not want for men whose thoughts coincided with his own, and a threatening letter—anonymous, of course; your threatening letter fellows are always cowards—was sent to Ryan, warning him not to go near the works. Ryan treated it with contempt, and went as usual. Four days later he was struck from behind on the road home and fell insensible. Mr. Collins himself discovered him there and had him taken to his own home and an eminent surgeon was sent for.

He was pronounced by the surgeon to be severely hurt, but not dangerously so, and the next day he was removed to his home.—His master, who entered it then for the first time, was astonished at its neatness and comfort; but he was still more astonished when, on asking Mrs. Ryan if she wanted money, she answered quietly:

"No, thank you, sir; we have nearly sixty pounds in the saving bank. It's a bad job for Robert, but we can, with God's blessing, pull through."

"Ay, sir," said Ryan, turning his pale face toward his master, "we shall, I believe, pull through; but we thank you all the same."

As Mr. Collins walked home that night he tried to think of some plan by which he could benefit Ryan without breaking in upon his independence. Pecuniary help was not what he wanted, but surely there were other ways to put him up the ladder of life. The problem puzzled him all the evening, but he hit upon the solution before going to rest.

On the morrow he visited Ryan again and found him much better, sitting by the fire, with his child upon his knee. After a few remarks about the injured man's health, Mr. Collins said, "Would you like to be better educated, Ryan?"

"I should like it very much, sir. I have tried to improve myself, but I am very slow."

"Self teaching is very slow work," returned Mr. Collins; "you want somebody to help you. Now my son is a smart young fellow, and would give you a few lessons with pleasure. What do you say to his coming here an hour or so every day while the works are closed? I shall not let you work while things are in the present loose condition; but when we go on again you can still have your lessons in the evening."

Ryan was highly pleased with the offer, and so was Mrs. Ryan, and even the little one laughed and crowed as if it understood all about it; and it was settled that the lessons should begin in two days from that time.

Mr. Collins, Jr., found that he had rather an apt pupil than otherwise, and the way Ryan got through the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic was equally astonishing to both teacher and pupil; and when Mrs. Ryan, "with her own eyes," as she remarked to a neighbor, "saw Robert work out a rule of three sum, she thought she must be dreaming;" and as for his writing, she declared that it "might be a little large, but it was almost as good as print." Ryan himself was so amazed at his progress that he could think of little else, and a piece of chalk in his hand was all he required to be set to work upon the nearest board, working out all sorts of arithmetical questions.

The fact was that Robert had, to use a homely phrase, "a turn for figures," and his latent talent was now being developed—the foundation of his future fortune was being laid. All this, of course, took up time, and all that time the strike had been going on with the inevitable consequences—men demoralized, homes ruined, wives and families made miserable, and the public houses the only gainers.

So several weeks passed, and then stern necessity took many of the men away.—Morgan was the last to go—and then the works of Collins & Co. were opened again.

Ryan went to work, but not as a "runner;" Mr. Collins put him into the office to work out "quantities"—that is, to calculate the quantity of material required for certain work so as to enable the firm to send in estimates for contracts. He did little things at first, but he proved to be so correct that he was soon intrusted with more important matters. Ryan's heart was in his work and he did his duty like the good, honest fellow he surely was.

"Ryan is a wonderful fellow," said Mr. Collins to his partner, about a year after his first entering the office. "I seldom look over his figures now, for he never passes them to me until he feels certain that he is correct. I have only discovered one mistake in four months, and that was an unimportant one."

"A very valuable man," replied his partner; "he belongs to the class of men who are sure to make their way in the world.—Some even rise to be partners in great firms."

"Hum!" said Mr. Collins, thoughtfully; "there is no telling what time will do for such a man."

* * * * * * * *

Time has ticked on ten years since the events above recorded, and we beg to introduce our readers to the final scene of this simple story—a room in a well-built, substantial villa in a suburb in the south of London.

The room is well and substantially furnished; all that comfort could demand is there, but no useless ornament or attempt at display. By the fire sits a matron dressed in dark gray, and a cap upon her head made of excellent materials, quiet, neat and nice. A little girl about 12 sits by sewing; a boy of 10 is busy at the table with a slate full of figures; and a younger child, a boy also, is lying upon the hearth rug, talking to a wooden horse.

Soon a footstep is heard upon the doorstep, and a latchkey rattles in the lock; then by one impulse they all dash out into the hall, where a hale, hearty man, with just a sprinkling of gray hair to show that he is past his youth, is divesting himself of his great-coat.

"Hold off a minute," he says; "now, then one at a time."

His coat being off he kisses them all round, beginning with his wife, and then goes into the room, where he exchanges his boots for slippers, and sits down by the fire. There is an evident curiosity on the part of the mother and children to hear something he has to impart; but he is in no hurry about it, and sits there with a quiet smile upon his face.

"Why don't you tell us the news, Robert?" says the matron, "yes or no?"

"Well, then, it's yes," replied Robert, whose other name was Ryan, "and I'm a member of the firm of Collins & Co."

Upon this there is a great commotion, the children cheer as loudly as their little lungs will permit, and the matron gets up and fidgets about for a moment in an undecided manner; then sits down and begins to cry.

"Come, Polly, this won't do," says Rob't, "you ought to be pleased."

"So I am, Robert, and these are the tears of joy. Who, ten years ago, would have believed this?"

"If I had never been made a partner I should have rested content," Robert replies. "Collins & Co. have treated me very handsomely; for many years they have treated me well; but as such good fortune has fallen to my lot, I say God be thankful for all his past and present mercies."

"Amen," responds his wife, and then there is a minute's silence.

"It's rather odd," continued Robert, "that I should to-night meet the man to whom I owe all this."

"Who is he?" asked his wife wonderingly.

"Morgan—it was his attempt to ruin me that by God's merciful providence was overruled to bring about this prosperity to us. I met him down the street by the works, standing close to the wall to keep off the wind and snow. He had scarcely a rag to his back, and for all the good the bits of boots upon his feet were he might as well have been without them. He did not know me, but I knew him at once, and hailed him. He could scarcely believe that I was the Ryan he once knew, and when he did credit it he wanted to sheer off at once, but I stopped him. He was tired, hungry and penniless, so I took him into a coffee shop, and while he had some bread and butter and coffee, we had a long chat together. I don't want to spin a long yarn about it, but the upshot was that he confessed to me that it was his hand which struck me down ten years ago."

"It was always my opinion that he did it," said the wife.

"And mine too," continued Ryan, "but there was no proof, so I held my tongue. He was so penitent and broken down that I could offer him no reproof, even if I had been inclined to. He worked nobody's ruin so surely as his own, for he never did any good by his prating; he was just clever enough to make mischief, but had not the brains to work himself into any position in the trade societies, so he lost his work again and again until he became what I saw to-night. Poor fellow! he must have suffered much. He is coming to the yard to-morrow."

"Will you give him work, Robert?"

"Why not, Polly? I think the man is not too bad to mend. There are the materials of a decent man in him if he will only give up drinking. At all events I will give him a chance; I think it is only doing my duty to do so."

Just like Ryan—always thinking of his duty, and acting according to his notions of what is right; and this conscientious mode of life has met its reward. Prosperous in his business, happy in his domestic life, and above all blessed with the peace which passeth all understanding, he is a man whose example men would do well to follow.—*British Workman.*

COUNTRY PAPERS IN THE CITY.—Every established local newspaper receives occasional subscriptions from large cities which puzzle the publishers to account for, but which the New York *Times* recently threw some light upon in the following: A wholesale grocer in the city, who has become rich in the business, says his rule is that when he sells a bill of goods on credit to immediately subscribe for the local paper of his debtor. So long as his customer advertised liberally and vigorously he rested; but as soon as he began to contract the space he took it as an evidence that trouble was ahead, and invariably went for his debtor. The man who is too poor to make his business known is too poor to do business. The withdrawal of an advertisement is an evidence of weakness that business men are not slow to act upon.

It is pleasant to remember that not an hour passes in the increasing march of time that there is not a half-dressed man somewhere on earth calling for a clean shirt.

OUR Johnny had been given up to die (diphtheria), when we gave him PERUNA; he is well. At James' drug store.

SPOILED MARRIAGES.

SOME HITCHES AT THE ALTAR.

The question how near a couple can come to being married without actually becoming husband and wife was answered in a very extraordinary case reported not long ago from Lyons, in France. All the preliminaries, including the marriage contract—the bride being an heiress—had been arranged with the utmost harmony, and the day had arrived for the civil marriage—which, under the law of the Republic is the binding one—in the morning, and for the blessing of the priest at the cathedral altar in the afternoon. The parties were before the Mayor, and what a Chicago lawyer, addressing a divorce jury, called the "fatal question" had been asked of each, and duly answered; whereupon the Mayor had tendered his personal as well as official congratulations, and placed before them the attesting document, which, when signed, made them lawfully man and wife. At this critical moment the proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of a telegraphic messenger. The couple paused, pens in hand, the witnesses stared in surprise, and the Mayor dropped his spectacles in a nervous fit as he handed the message to the bride's father. The telegram ran as follows:

"Monsieur —— (the bridegroom) has already been married in Germany, and his wife lives. Vouchers are on their way to you by post."

The Mayor, as he is bound to do under the civil code when a warning comes, postponed the authentication for a week. The week passed, but no vouchers came. Everybody agreed the telegram was a malicious trick, perpetrated by some revengeful rival—everybody except the bride, who had been brooding over the telegram, and, to the surprise of everybody, believed it. She sent back the diamond ring, the silver candlestick, the gold-mounted prie-dieu, the breviary of the lady who was almost her mother-in-law, and annulled the settlement. The *Juge de Paix* of Lyons and the Mayor had a consultation with the lawyers and the notary, and it was unanimously agreed that the couple, as the English peasantry put it, were still a couple and not a pair. All inquiries instituted by the bridegroom with regard to the sender of the telegram proved fruitless, the only information ever obtained being that it was paid for by a "veiled woman in black."

A still more recent hitch at the altar occurred at a fashionable English watering-place. A large party had assembled in one of the churches there to witness the nuptials of the niece of a prominent citizen, when it was discovered, at the last moment, that the Registrar, who had the license in his pocket, had not arrived. At the suggestion of the officiating clergyman, the ceremony was delayed for a short time, while one of the party went in search of the errant Registrar. His office was the first place visited; but he had gone out, and nothing was known of his whereabouts. Thence the messenger repaired in hot haste to his residence, which happened to be some distance out of town; and meanwhile, the party at the chapel becoming impatient, other scouts were dispatched in various directions. At length it was ascertained that the worthy Registrar had left town by an early train, and as it was impossible that he could return in time, the wedding had to be postponed until the following day. The hitch, it appeared, had occurred through the Registrar having received no intimation of the day and hour of the intended marriage.

One morning, in the depth of last winter, a lady reached Inverness, Scotland, from the south, in one of the morning trains, intending to proceed to Wick in the 9:40 A. M. train. During the night, however, there had been a heavy snow fall, and it was found that the line to Wick was blocked. On being told that she could not proceed, the young lady appeared to be greatly disconcerted, and immediately inquired for the station master.

"Is there no possibility of getting to Wick to-night?" she asked.

"None," was the answer.

"Not by coach?"

"No; not even by coach."

"Nor by boat?"

"No; nor by boat."

"Nor by—"

"No; it is impossible; you cannot get there this week."

"Well," said the lady, "this is awkward."

"I'm sorry," said the official. "Will you be greatly inconvenienced?"

"Inconvenienced! Yes, I was to have been married in Wick to-night."

We will conclude with a case in which a somewhat serious obstacle to the celebration of a marriage was removed at the eleventh hour by the intervention of a beneficent flash of clerical jealousy. In a western Scottish town, one evening, there were so many marriages that an unfortunate couple who had arranged to be united at the minister's house were unable to procure a cab to convey them thither till long past the hour appointed, and when at last they stood at the door of the manse and rang the bell it was approaching midnight. A loud and somewhat indignant voice presently responded from a bedroom window up stairs demanding to know who was there. The situation was briefly explained, but the voice, that of the Rev. Mr. W., minister of the first charge of the Abbey Church, proved inexorable.

"I can't help it," was the ultimatum received. "You must just go home, and come back to-morrow."

"O, Mr. W., ye ken we canna gang hame without being married," struck in a female voice.

"But what would you have me do? Call up the whole house because of your bungling?"

"Could ye not dae't ower the window, sir?"

"Nonsense. It is impossible."

"O, ye micht, sir. Ye ken we attend the Abbey on your day, and no on Mr. B.'s."

This final stroke of policy proved irresistible, for between Mr. W. and Mr. B., minister of the second charge of the same church, there existed a good deal of professional jealousy. The window was put down, the gas lighted, the door opened, and the marriage of the triumphant diplomatists duly solemnized.

EXAMINE for yourselves
How the goods upon the shelves
Disappear;
And gaze upon the throng
That all the hours long
Persevere
In crowding in the door—
But ere we tell you more
Let us say,
'Tis because the firm is wise
And with us advertise,
And thus they realize
It will pay.

A FAITHFUL WORKMAN.

Several years ago a large number of men were employed, not far from Boston, to fill some unsightly salt water flats and raise them above the tide water. One day—it was eleven o'clock in the forenoon—the contractor went out to where a separate gang were at work building a sea wall, and when he reached the spot he found a solitary man busy on the face of the wall. He had a bucket of cement and a trowel, and was engaged in "pointing" the said wall—that is neatly filling in the seams and interstices with bits of stone and cement. It was nice work and required a competent workman. But why was this man here alone?

"Where are the rest of the workmen?"

"It's eleven o'clock, sir, and they've gone over to old Cafferty's after their beer."

"Don't you ever go with them?"

"No, sir. In the first place, I don't want the beer; I'm better off without it. And in the next place, I can't make it seem quite right to take time that is not mine."

"You are right, young man—perfectly right." And then the contractor looked the workman over more critically. He was young—not more than two or three and twenty; a strong, well knit, handsome youth, with an intelligent face and an eye as bright as a sapphire.

"Tell me, my friend," the contractor pursued, after his survey, "if you have fixed upon this course from any principle—that is, if you have a reason for it."

The workman looked for a few moments a little puzzled. He did not at first catch the contractor's meaning. But presently his face brightened, and he seemed to grow taller as he answered:

"Ah, I see. You mean to ask me if I do this because I think it is right?"

The gentleman nodded, whereupon the other went on:

"Why, no, sir—I can't say it's exactly that. I'd do right, anyhow, simply because it is right; but I do this because I want one of these days to be somebody—to succeed in business—to do something better than working on the street with a gang of [illegible]."

"Yes, yes," nodded the contractor. "I think we now understand one another. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I think I once hired the man that hired you. However, you know where the contractor's office—where the paymaster's office is?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, my man, do you call there this evening half an hour after you have quit work here."

At the appointed time our young workman presented himself at the office, where he found, first, that it was his employer who had spoken with him that afternoon; and second, he found that said employer, or contractor, was in want of a trusty agent, into whose hands he could consign the entire charge of overlooking the workmen and the work. In less than a year the young man owned stock in the enterprise, and in ten years from that day he was one of the leading citizens of New England's metropolis.

IRELAND.—We know, of course, that Ireland is called the "Emerald Isle," and the color of the emerald is green, but never had it entered into our imagination that there was anywhere in this world to be seen such verdure as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland. The slopes, the knolls, the dells, fields of young grain over which the breezes creep like the playful spirits of the beautiful; the pastures dotted over with sheep of the purest wool; the hillsides, rising up into the mist-shrouded mountain, are all covered with thick carpets of smooth, velvet green. But Ireland should be also called Flowery Isle. There is not a spot in Ireland, I believe, where blessed nature can find an excuse for putting a flower but what she has put one—not only in the gardens and in the meadows, but upon the very walls and the crags of the sea, from the great blooming rhododendrons down to the smallest flowret that modestly peeps forth from its grassy cover. The Irish furze, so richly yellow, covers all places that might otherwise be bare or barren; the silkworm delights everywhere, from thousands of trees, to "drop its web of gold;" the blooming hawthorn, with the sweet-scented pinks, and especially the white variety, adorns the landscape and the gardens; wall flowers of every hue and variety, clamber to hide the hardness of the mural supports; the beetled cliffs of the North sea are fringed and softened with lovely flowers; and if you kneel anywhere, almost on the yielding, velvety carpet, you will find little, well nigh-invisible, flowerets red, white, blue and yellow, wrought into the very woof and texture. Ireland ought to be called the Beautiful Isle. The spirit of the Beautiful hovers over and touches to living loveliness every point.

AN EDITOR'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.—Having read the story of James Rowe, the miner who was nearly killed in an explosion at Virginia City, and who every night since the accident has dreamed of dying, the editor of the Nevada *Transcript* relates a much more curious experience of his own. When a boy, ten years ago, a gun accidentally discharged, sent a load of small shot tearing into his right arm. The wounds were several months in healing and ugly scars were left. A long time afterwards he was describing the accident to a party of friends when one of them picking up an empty gun and capping it, snapped the cap. To the ears of the narrator the sound was like that of a small cannon exploding in the room. He saw the bright flash and felt the horrible sensation of being shot to atoms. He fainted and on recovering consciousness found a physician bending over him. He felt severe pain in his right arm. Examination showed that the new skin had broken and the wounds were bleeding as freely as at the time of the accident. About a year afterward he underwent a similar experience. As he was walking along the street he heard the report of a pistol shot. Instantly he felt what seemed to be a ball crashing into his forehead. Horror stricken he placed his hand to the supposed wound. Though he could find no mark upon his head, blood was dripping from his fingers. He looked at the scars and found that they were bleeding afresh. Since then he has dreamed repeatedly that he was a target for riflemen practicing at short range.

IT is well known that the most virulent diseases, small pox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc. are contagious. If you have sickness of this sort in your house, the use of Phenol Sodique as a disinfectant will preserve the health of the rest of the family. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers. See advertisement. [5-5.-2t.]

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Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, Cambria Co., Pa.,
BY H. A. McPIKE.
Guaranteed Circulation - 1,116

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H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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VOLUME XVI. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1882. NUMBER 16.

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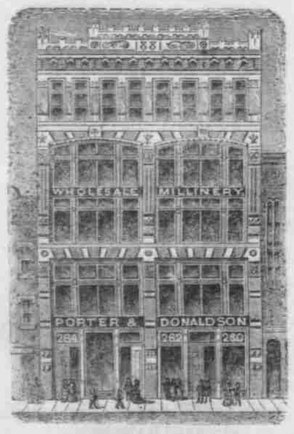
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REMOVES THE HOUR.
FOR THE CURE OF
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Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh of Chest, and all Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.
Price, 50 cents and $1.00. Ask your Druggist for it.
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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
will cure dyspepsia, heartburn, malaria, kidney disease, liver complaint, and other wasting diseases.

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enriches the blood and purifies the system; cures weakness, lack of energy, etc. Try a bottle.

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Wherever introduced it establishes itself as a *favorite* DOMESTIC REMEDY.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE DEALERS.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to report distribution of the fund in the hands of Valentine Cramer, surviving executor of the last will and testament of James J. McGough, deceased, as shown by his first and partial account, hereby notifies all parties interested, that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, May 16, 1882*, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested may attend, if they see proper.
M. D. KITTELL, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 21, 1882.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MARY ANN BRADLEY, dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of Mrs. Mary Ann Bradley, late of Loretto borough, deceased, having been issued to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby notified that immediate payment is required, and those having claims or demands against the same will serve their own interests by presenting them properly probated for settlement.
JOSEPH HOGUE, Administrator.
Loretto, April 21, 1882.-6t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.
Estate of PATRICK SMITH, dec'd.
Letters of administration on the estate of Patrick Smith, late of Tunnelhill borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that prompt payment must be made, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
JULIA SMITH, Administratrix.
Tunnelhill, April 14, 1882.-6t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JOHN BRADLEY, dec'd.
Having been appointed Administrator *de bonis non* of the estate of John Bradley, late of Loretto borough, Cambria county, deceased, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them in legal form for settlement.
JOSEPH HOGUE, Administrator.
Loretto, April 21, 1882.-6t.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Johnstown, Pa.* M. D. KITTELL, *Ebensburg, Pa.*
SECHLER & KITTELL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.
JOHNSTOWN AND EBENSBURG.
OFFICES in Luther & Green's large brick building, corner Main and Clinton sts., Johnstown and in Colonade Row, Ebensburg. [7-1,'82]

GIVEN AWAY.
Zimmerman Fruit Dryer
How and for Terms, Address
ZIMMERMAN FRUIT DRYER CO., Cincinnati, O.
April 14, 1882.-1m.

OPIUM & MORPHINE EATING
A Treatise on their speedy cure SENT FREE. DR. J.C. HOFFMAN, P.O. Box 188, Chicago, Ill.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 27 Stops, 10 set Reeds, only $90. Pianos $125 up. Rare Holiday Inducements Ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

DOING HIS DUTY.

It was noon and close upon the hour of 12. Scattered over a large building in course of erection were a number of workmen—carpenters, masons and bricklayers—most of whom kept their ears upon the stretch in expectation of the bell ringing to proclaim the dinner hour. Hard by was the river, where a barge was moored, and laborers bringing planks from it to the building with the regular step characteristic of all work with method in it.

The laborers numbered about twenty in all, and they were headed by one who filled the post of "runner," that is, a man who regulated the movements of the rest by leading to and from the works. The man employed for the office in this case, was one Robert Ryan, a steady, earnest, sober man.

Ryan was only a laborer, and it was as much as he could do to read good print and write his name occasionally when it was required; but he was a man with a strong sense of what was right and wrong, and with a decided leaning toward the right. It was this feeling which prompted him to abandon drink and join the temperance society. "I may like beer," he said, "and I may like loafing about in a public house with my mates; but it is not right for me to do so when my wife and child must be the sufferers." So he gave up drink, fought out, by Divine assistance, the fight with temptation until he conquered, and then settled down, a sober, happy man.

Sobriety led to something better. As he had not the public house to spend his Sundays in, he wisely sought a seat in God's house.

Such a man could not long pass unnoticed, and Ryan was soon selected from the mass of laborers and appointed to the post of "runner," for which he obtained an extra sixpence a day. Mr. Collins, his master, would have done something more for him, but Ryan's education was very defective, and the post of foreman was for the present out of the question. Ryan, however, was content, and worked on, receiving his weekly wages thankfully and spending them on domestic comforts like a prudent man.

The laborers were marching from the barge, each with a plank upon his shoulder, when the bell suddenly rang. The man next to Ryan immediately threw down his plank, but Ryan walked steadily on.

"Hold hard, Ryan," cried the third man; "did you hear the bell?"

"I heard," said Ryan, "but we have only a step or two to go; why pitch the stuff about in the mud in that way?"

The man who had thrown down his plank took it up with a surly air and fell into the ranks again. Ryan walked to the building, put his burden on the top of the pile, and the rest, more or less sulky, followed his example.

"There," he said, "look at the clock—not quite a minute past and we have saved ourselves no end of trouble, and the master ten minutes time by bringing our work to the proper place."

"But time is time," urged the man who had thrown down his plank; "the master expects us to be here at the minute, and we like to leave off at the minute, too."

"Still, stretching a point in his favor now and then does us no harm," returned Ryan, "and I think it the more manly thing to do."

The men did not stop to discuss the subject then, but hurried away to dinner. Many of them were far from home, and some had their dinners brought; others bought something at the cook shop, but nearly all went to the public house. There in the tap room the conduct of Ryan was discussed, and Richard Morgan, the man who had thrown down the plank, led the van in a tirade against the "runner."

"It is bad enough to be nigger-driven by the master," he said, "but for one of our own lot to go against us is more than I can stand."

"But you must go with the runner," said one of the listeners.

"With a runner," returned Morgan, "but not with Ryan. If I headed the gang you should have easy times. I can tell you"

"Until you got the sack," said the previous speaker, with a laugh.

Morgan had a certain power of speech—"gift of the gab" his mates called it—and until it was time to return to work he held forth on Ryan's base conduct, and found many willing ears.

From that time Ryan became a marked man; the men followed him as of old, but they did all they could to annoy him. He was a powerful man and could easily have beaten any one of his assailants; but he steadily refused to fight, and bade them go home and think, and then return to their work wiser men.

After a time Ryan's patience bore fruit and many of the men ceased to annoy him; but Morgan, with the rancor of a little mind, only grew more furious as he saw the chance of ruining Ryan slipping away. Day and night, in work and out of work, he kept his tongue going, calling his fellow laborers "slaves," and was very great on the subject of "division of property," which would enable every man to live in peace and comfort—"without work."

The men often laughed at his extravagant assertions; but some of his ideas took root, and a feeling of discontent gradually became general. Misunderstandings were developed into deliberate assaults upon the liberty and comfort of the men, hasty words magnified into studied insults, and the train was laid for one of those suicidal movements called "a strike."

While this was impending, Ryan was called to account before a committee of the men, who held their meeting in a field close to the work.

Morgan attended as an accuser, with the majority of the men employed as audience.

Ryan's answer was as follows:

"I've heard Morgan," said he, looking that man boldly and honestly in the face; "and I can only say that it isn't true in the main, and, although I can't exactly point out where, it is untrue. Morgan's got a good head, and I've got just sense enough to know what's right, and that's all. According to my notion of things, I only do my duty, and as I am paid for it I shall do it while I have the health and strength to keep at my work. I don't say that the masters are always right, because they are not," continued Ryan; "but when a man undertakes to do his work he ought to do it, and if he does some times carry a plank half a dozen yards when the bell is ringing what's the odds? Look here, mates, we are always talking about the masters showing us consideration, and it comes to this, if we take we must give too. I'll not stand up against those as works with me, and I'll not say a word behind your backs. The masters must fight their own battles, and they are able to do it, but I must speak to you as mates. I take my stand on right, and no man can be right unless he does his duty."

Ryan's notions were not particularly popular, but his words carried weight with them. More than one listener felt that he only acted as an honest man; but Morgan and his followers were the stronger party, and at a private meeting in the evening it was decided that a round robin should be sent in against the 'runner,' demanding his dismissal. It was drawn up, signed by the committee and put before the men on the morrow. The majority signed easily enough; but a few did it partly against their will.

Mr. Collins received the message from his men and said he would consider it. He laid it before his partner, a gentleman who had money in the business, but no practical knowledge of it, and the pair weighed over the consequence of refusing the unseemly request. Mr. Collins knew the character of Ryan and liked him. In his branch he was the best man upon the works, and it was much against his desire to part with him.

"If we give way this time," he said "we shall soon have another request one impossible to comply with, perhaps. I have seen the feeling growing among the men; we have too many talkers, and a strike is inevitable; it may as well come now as a month hence."

And so it was decided. The answer was sent to the men, and it was "NO."

This brought the storm down. A hurried and angry meeting was held, with Morgan and others for speakers, and they all advocated one thing—"Strike and bring the masters to their senses." Notice of the strike was given, and on Saturday the works were closed.

Then followed the usual state of things.—Pickets were posted in every avenue leading to the works to stop men from coming, and the men not so employed stood about in groups talking over the strike or lounged about in the bar of the public house discussing the same thing. There was little or no violence at first; the men were for the most part disposed to be peaceable, and were imbued with a firm conviction that they were in the right; and Ryan, who was still kept on at the works doing odd jobs, went to and fro without molestation. This did not suit Morgan, who, being a thriftless man, soon began to feel the want of the usual wages. He had an allowance from the society, but that speedily went, for people like him who talk all day cannot do without drink, and Morgan had a most decided weakness for beer. His rancor increased with his penury, and it was not long before he persuaded himself that all his deprivations were the work of Ryan.

Morgan did not want for men whose thoughts coincided with his own, and a threatening letter—anonymous, of course; your threatening letter fellows are always cowards—was sent to Ryan, warning him not to go near the works. Ryan treated it with contempt, and went as usual. Four days later he was struck from behind on the road home and fell insensible. Mr. Collins himself discovered him there and had him taken to his own home and an eminent surgeon was sent for.

He was pronounced by the surgeon to be severely hurt, but not dangerously so, and the next day he was removed to his home.—His master, who entered it then for the first time, was astonished at its neatness and comfort; but he was still more astonished when, on asking Mrs. Ryan if she wanted money, she answered quietly:

"No, thank you, sir; we have nearly sixty pounds in the saving bank. It's a bad job for Robert, but we can, with God's blessing, pull through."

"Ay, sir," said Ryan, turning his pale face toward his master, "we shall, I believe, pull through; but we thank you all the same."

As Mr. Collins walked home that night he tried to think of some plan by which he could benefit Ryan without breaking in upon his independence. Pecuniary help was not what he wanted, but surely there were other ways to put him up the ladder of life. The problem puzzled him all the evening, but he hit upon the solution before going to rest.

On the morrow he visited Ryan again and found him much better, sitting by the fire, with his child upon his knee. After a few remarks about the injured man's health, Mr. Collins said, "Would you like to be better educated, Ryan?"

"I should like it very much, sir. I have tried to improve myself, but I am very slow."

"Self teaching is very slow work," returned Mr. Collins; "you want somebody to help you. Now my son is a smart young fellow, and would give you a few lessons with pleasure. What do you say to his coming here an hour or so every day while the works are closed? I shall not let you work while things are in the present loose condition; but when we go on again you can still have your lessons in the evening."

Ryan was highly pleased with the offer, and so was Mrs. Ryan, and even the little one laughed and crowed as if it understood all about it; and it was settled that the lessons should begin in two days from that time.

Mr. Collins, Jr., found that he had rather an apt pupil than otherwise, and the way Ryan got through the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic was equally astonishing to both teacher and pupil; and when Mrs. Ryan, "with her own eyes," as she remarked to a neighbor, "saw Robert work out a rule of three sum, she thought she must be dreaming;" and as for his writing, she declared that it "might be a little large, but it was almost as good as print." Ryan himself was so amazed at his progress that he could think of little else, and a piece of chalk in his hand was all he required to be set to work upon the nearest board, working out all sorts of arithmetical questions.

The fact was that Robert had, to use a homely phrase, "a turn for figures," and his latent talents was now being developed—the foundation of his future fortune was being laid. All this, of course, took up time, and all that time the strike had been going on with the inevitable consequences—men demoralized, homes ruined, wives and families made miserable, and the public houses the only gainers.

So several weeks passed, and then stern necessity took many of the men away.—Morgan was the last to go—and then the works of Collins & Co. were opened again.

Ryan went to work, but not as a "runner;" Mr. Collins put him into the office to work out "quantities"—that is, to calculate the quantity of material required for certain work so as to enable the firm to send in estimates for contracts. He did little things at first, but he proved to be so correct that he was soon intrusted with more important matters. Ryan's heart was in his work and he did his duty like the good, honest fellow he surely was.

"Ryan is a wonderful fellow," said Mr. Collins to his partner, about a year after his first entering the office. "I seldom look over his figures now, for he never passes them to me until he feels certain that he is correct. I have only discovered one mistake in four months, and that was an unimportant one."

"A very valuable man," replied his partner; "he belongs to the class of men who are sure to make their way in the world.—Some even rise to be partners in great firms."

"Hum!" said Mr. Collins, thoughtfully; "there is no telling what time will do for such a man."

* * * * * * * * *

Time has ticked on ten years since the events above recorded, and we beg to introduce our readers to the final scene of this simple story—a room in a well-built, substantial villa in a suburb in the south of London.

The room is well and substantially furnished; all that comfort could demand is there, but no useless ornament or attempt at display. By the fire sits a matron dressed in dark gray, and a cap upon her head made of excellent materials, quiet, neat and nice. A little girl about 12 sits by sewing; a boy of 10 is busy at the table with a slate full af figures; and a younger child, a boy also, is lying upon the hearth rug, talking to a wooden horse.

Soon a footstep is heard upon the doorstep, and a latchkey rattles in the lock; then by one impulse they all dash out into the hall, where a hale, hearty man, with just a sprinkling of gray hair to show that he is past his youth, is divesting himself of his great-coat.

"Hold off a minute," he says; "now, then one at a time."

His coat being off he kisses them all round, beginning with his wife, and then goes into the room, where he exchanges his boots for slippers, and sits down by the fire. There is an evident curiosity on the part of the mother and children to hear something he has to impart; but he is in no hurry about it, and sits there with a quiet smile upon his face.

"Why don't you tell us the news, Robert?" says the matron, "yes or no?"

"Well, then, it's yes," replied Robert, whose other name was Ryan, "and I'm a member of the firm of Collins & Co."

Upon this there is a great commotion, the children cheer as lustily as their little lungs will permit, and the matron gets up and fidgets about for a moment in an undecided manner; then sits down and begins to cry.

"Come, Polly, this won't do," says Rob't, "you ought to be pleased."

"So I am, Robert, and these are the tears of joy. Who, ten years ago, would have believed this?"

"If I had never been made a partner I should have rested content," Robert replies. "Collins & Co. have treated me very handsomely; for many years they have treated me well; but as such good fortune has fallen to my lot, I say God be thankful for all his past and present mercies."

"Amen," responds his wife, and then there is a minute's silence.

"It's rather odd," continued Robert, "that I should to-night meet the man to whom I owe all this."

"Who is he?" asked his wife wonderingly.

"Morgan—it was his attempt to ruin me that by God's merciful providence was overruled to bring about this prosperity to us. I met him down the street by the works, standing close to the wall to keep off the wind and snow. He had scarcely a rag to his back, and for all the good the bits of boots upon his feet were he might as well have been without them. He did not know me, but I knew him at once, and hailed him. He could scarcely believe that I was the Ryan he once knew, and when he did credit it he wanted to sheer off at once, but I stopped him. He was tired, hungry and penniless, so I took him into a coffee shop, and while he had some bread and butter and coffee, we had a long chat together. I don't want to spin a long yarn about it, but the upshot was that he confessed to me that it was his hand which struck me down ten years ago."

"It was always my opinion that he did it," said the wife.

"And mine too," continued Ryan, "but there was no proof, so I held my tongue. He was so penitent and broken down that I could offer him no reproof, even if I had been inclined to. He worked nobody's ruin so surely as his own, for he never did any good by his prating; he was just clever enough to make mischief, but had not the brains to work himself into any position in the trade societies, so he lost his work again and again until he became what I saw to-night. Poor fellow! he must have suffered much. He is coming to the yard to-morrow."

"Will you give him work, Robert?"

"Why not, Polly? I think the man is not too bad to mend. There are the materials of a decent man in him if he will only give up drinking. At all events I will give him a chance; I think it is only doing my duty to do so."

Just like Ryan—always thinking of his duty, and acting according to his notions of what is right; and this conscientious mode of life has met its reward. Prosperous in his business, happy in his domestic life, and above all blessed with the peace which passeth all understanding, he is a man whose example men would do well to follow.—*British Workman.*

COUNTRY PAPERS IN THE CITY.—Every established local newspaper receives occasional subscriptions from large cities which puzzle the publishers to account for, but which the New York *Times* recently threw some light upon in the following: A wholesale grocer in the city, who has become rich in the business, says his rule is that when he sells a bill of goods on credit to immediately subscribe for the local paper of his debtor. So long as his customer advertised liberally and vigorously he rested; but as soon as he began to contract the space he took it as an evidence that trouble was ahead, and invariably went for his debtor. The man who is too poor to make his business known is too poor to do business. The withdrawal of an advertisement is an evidence of weakness that business men are not slow to act upon.

IT is pleasant to remember that not an hour passes in the increasing march of time that there is not a half-dressed man somewhere on earth calling for a clean shirt.

OUR Johnny had been given up to die (diphtheria), when we gave him PERUNA; he is well. At James' drug store.

SPOILED MARRIAGES.

SOME HITCHES AT THE ALTAR.

The question how near a couple can come to being married without actually becoming husband and wife was answered in a very extraordinary case reported not long ago from Lyons, in France. All the preliminaries, including the marriage contract—the bride being an heiress—had been arranged with the utmost harmony, and the day had arrived for the civil marriage—which, under the law of the Republic is the binding one—on the morning, and for the blessing of the priest at the cathedral altar in the afternoon. The parties were before the Mayor, and what a Chicago lawyer, addressing a divorce jury, called the "fatal question" had been asked of each, and duly answered; whereupon the Mayor had tendered his personal as well as official congratulations, and placed before them the attesting document which, when signed, made them lawfully man and wife. At this critical moment the proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of a telegraphic messenger. The couple paused, pens in hand, the witnesses stared in surprise, and the Mayor dropped his spectacles in a nervous fit as he handed the message to the bride's father. The telegram ran as follows:

"Monsieur —— (the bridegroom) has already been married in Germany, and his wife lives. Vouchers are on their way to you by post."

The Mayor, as he is bound to do under the civil code when a warning comes, postponed the authentication for a week. The week passed, but no vouchers came. Everybody agreed the telegram was a malicious trick, perpetrated by some revengeful rival—everybody except the bride, who had been brooding over the telegram, and, to the surprise of everybody, believed it. She sent back the diamond ring, the silver candlestick, the gold-mounted *prie-dieu*, the breviary of the lady who was almost her mother-in-law, and annulled the settlement. The *Juge de Paix* of Lyons and the Mayor had a consultation with the lawyers and the notary, and it was unanimously agreed that the couple, as the English peasantry put it, were still a couple and not a pair. All inquiries instituted by the bridegroom with regard to the sender of the telegram proved fruitless the only information ever obtained being that it was paid for by a "veiled woman in black."

A still more recent hitch at the altar occurred at a fashionable English watering-place. A large party had assembled in one of the churches there to witness the nuptials of the niece of a prominent citizen, when it was discovered, at the last moment, that the Registrar, who had the license in his pocket, had not arrived. At the suggestion of the officiating clergyman, the ceremony was delayed for a short time, while one of the party went in search of the errant Registrar. His office was the first place visited; but he had gone out, and nothing was known of his whereabouts. Thence the messenger repaired in hot haste to his residence, which happened to be some distance out of town; and meanwhile, the party at the chapel becoming impatient, other scouts were dispatched in various directions. At length it was ascertained that the worthy Registrar had left town by an early train, and as it was impossible that he could return in time, the wedding had to be postponed until the following day. The hitch, it appeared, had occurred through the Registrar having received no intimation of the day and hour of the intended marriage.

One morning, in the depth of last winter, a lady reached Inverness, Scotland, from the south, in one of the morning trains, intending to proceed to Wick in the 9:40 A. M. train. During the night, however, there had been a heavy snow fall, and it was found that the line to Wick was blocked. On being told that she could not proceed, the young lady appeared to be greatly disconcerted, and immediately inquired for the station master.

"Is there no possibility of getting to Wick to-night?" she asked.

"None," was the answer.

"Not by coach?"

"No; not even by coach."

"Nor by boat?"

"No; nor by boat."

"Nor by—"

"No; it is impossible; you cannot get there this week."

"Well," said the lady, "this *is* awkward."

"I'm sorry," said the official. "Will you be greatly inconvenienced?"

"Inconvenienced! Yes, I was to have been married in Wick to-night."

We will conclude with a case in which a somewhat serious obstacle to the celebration of a marriage was removed at the eleventh hour by the intervention of a beneficent flash of clerical jealousy. In a western Scottish town, one evening, there were so many marriages that an unfortunate couple who had arranged to be united at the minister's house were unable to procure a cab to convey them thither till long past the hour appointed, and when at last they stood at the door of the manse and rang the bell it was approaching midnight. A loud and somewhat indignant voice presently responded from a bedroom window up stairs demanding to know who was there. The situation was briefly explained, but the voice, that of the Rev. Mr. W., minister of the first charge of the Abbey Church, proved inexorable.

"I can't help it," was the ultimatum received. "You must just go home, and come back to-morrow."

"O, Mr. W., ye ken we canna gang hame without being married," struck in a female voice.

"But what would you have me do? Call up the whole house because of your bungling?"

"Could ye not dae't ower the window, sir?"

"Nonsense. It is impossible."

"O, ye micht, sir. Ye ken we attend the Abbey on your day, and no on Mr. B.'s."

This final stroke of policy proved irresistable, for between Mr. W. and Mr. B., minister of the second charge of the same church, there existed a good deal of professional jealousy. The window was put down, the gas lighted, the door opened, and the marriage of the triumphant diplomatists duly solemnized.

EXAMINE for yourselves
How the goods upon the shelves
Disappear;
And gaze upon the throng
That all the hours long
Persevere
In crowding in the door—
But ere we tell you more
Let us say,
'Tis because the firm is wise
And with us advertise,
And thus they realize
It will pay.

A FAITHFUL WORKMAN.

Several years ago a large number of men were employed, not far from Boston, to fill some unsightly salt water flats and raise them above the tide water. One day—it was eleven o'clock in the forenoon—the contractor went out to where a separate gang were at work building a sea wall, and when he reached the spot he found a solitary man busy on the face of the wall. He had a bucket of cement and a trowel, and was engaged in "pointing" the said wall—that is neatly filling in the seams and interstices with bits of stone and cement. It was nice work and required a competent workman. But why was this man here alone?

"Where are the rest of the workmen?"

"It's eleven o'clock, sir, and they've gone over to old Cafferty's after their beer."

"Don't you ever go with them?"

"No, sir. In the first place, I don't want the beer; I'm better off without it. And in the next place, I can't make it seem quite right to take time that is not mine."

"You are right, young man—perfectly right." And then the contractor looked the workman over more critically. He was young—not more than two or three and twenty; a strong, well knit, handsome youth, with an intelligent face and an eye as bright as a sapphire.

"Tell me, my friend," the contractor pursued, after his survey, "if you have fixed upon this course from any principle—that is, if you have a reason for it.

The workman looked for a few moments a little puzzled. He did not at first catch the contractor's meaning. But presently his face brightened, and he seemed to grow taller as he answered:

"Ah, I see. You mean to ask me if I do this because I think it is right?"

The gentleman nodded, whereupon the other went on:

"Why, no, sir—I can't say it's exactly that. I'd do right, anyhow, simply because it is right; but I do this because I want one of these days to be somebody—to succeed in business—to do something better than working on the street with a gang of navvies."

"Yes, yes," nodded the contractor. "I think we now understand one another. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I think I once hired the man that hired you. However, you know where the contractor's office—where the paymaster's office is?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, my man, do you call there this evening, half an hour after you have quit work here."

At the appointed time our young workman presented himself at the office, where he found, first, that it was his employer who had spoken with him that afternoon; and second, he found that said employer, or contractor, was in want of a trusty agent, into whose hands he could consign the entire charge of overlooking the workmen and the work. In less than a year the young man owned stock in the enterprise, and in ten years from that day he was one of the leading citizens of New England's metropolis.

IRELAND.—We know, of course, that Ireland is called the "Emerald Isle," and the color of the emerald is green, but never had it entered into our imagination that there was anywhere in this world to be seen such verdure as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland. The slopes, the knolls, the dells, fields of young grain over which the breezes creep like the playful spirits of the beautiful; the pastures dotted over with sheep of the purest wool; the hillsides, rising up into the mist-shrouded mountain, are all covered with thick carpets of smooth, velvet green. But Ireland should be also called Flowery Isle. There is not a spot in Ireland, I believe, where blessed nature can find an excuse for putting a flower but what she has put one—not only in the gardens and in the meadows, but upon the very walls and the crags of the sea, from the great blooming rhododendrons down to the smallest flowret that modestly peeps forth from its grassy cover. The Irish furze, so richly yellow, covers all places that might otherwise be bare or barren; the silkworm delights everywhere, from thousands of trees, to "drop its web of gold;" the blooming hawthorn, with the sweet-scented pinks, and especially the white variety, adorns the landscape and the gardens; wall flowers of every hue and variety, clamber to hide the harshness of the moral supports; the beetled cliffs of the North sea are fringed and softened with lovely flowers; and if you kneel anywhere almost on the yielding, velvety carpet, you will find little, well nigh-invisible, flowerets, red, white, blue and yellow, wrought into the very woof and texture. Ireland ought to be called the Beautiful Isle. The spirit of the Beautiful hovers over and touches to living loveliness every point.

AN EDITOR'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.—Having read the story of James Rowe, the miner who was nearly killed in an explosion at Virginia City, and who every night since the accident has dreamed of dying, the editor of the Nevada *Transcript* relates a much more curious experience of his own. When a boy, ten years ago, a gun accidentally discharged, sent a load of small shot tearing into his right arm. The wounds were several months in healing and ugly scars were left. A long time afterwards he was describing the accident to a party of friends when one of them picking up an empty gun and capping it, snapped the cap. To the ears of the narrator the sound was like that of a small cannon exploding in the room. He saw the bright flash and felt the horrible sensation of being shot to atoms. He fainted and on recovering consciousness found a physician bending over him. He felt severe pain in his right arm. Examination showed that the new skin had broken and the wounds were bleeding as freely as at the time of the accident. About a year afterward he underwent a similar experience. As he was walking along the street he heard the report of a pistol shot. Instantly he felt what seemed to be a ball crashing into his forehead. Horror stricken he placed his hand to the supposed wound. Though he could find no mark upon his head, blood was dripping from his fingers. He looked at the scars and found that they were bleeding afresh. Since then he has dreamed repeatedly that he was a target for riflemen practicing at short range.

IT is well known that the most virulent diseases, small pox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc. are contagious. If you have sickness of this sort in your house, the use of Phenol Sodique as a disinfectant will preserve the health of the rest of the family. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers. See advertisement. [5-5,-2t.]

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - MAY 12, 1882.

THE President screwed his courage up to the sticking point on Monday last and signed the anti-Chinese bill, in order, if possible, to save the Republican party in California, Nevada and Oregon from total annihiliation at the next Presidential election. Too late, Mr. Arthur.

HON. CHARLES R. BUCKALEW will be a candidate for the Congressional nomination before the conferees from his district, in which there is a Democratic majority of about eight thousand. No man in the State is more worthy of the honor, nor more eminently qualified to discharge the duties of the office.

IT strikes us as exceedingly inconsistent for a Democratic paper to charge Harpers' *Weekly* with caricaturing prominent Democrats nearly every week, as was done by a certain journal of that ilk in its last issue, while at the same time it devotes two-thirds of a column all the year round to printing prospectuses for the Harper publications, prominent among which is the scurrilous sheet complained of.

THE Supreme Court of the United States on Monday last, in a carefully prepared opinion by Chief Justice Waite, decided that the court martial in the case of Sergeant Mason had full jurisdiction to try him for the offence charged; that its proceedings were in its proper jurisdiction, and that the sentence pronounced was not in excess of its power. The only man who now carries the key that will unlock Mason's prison door is Chester A. Arthur.

MRS. EMILY HENSEL, wife of our excellent friend, W. U. Hensel, Esq., of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, died in that city, on Saturday last, of rheumatism, but at what age is not stated. The pathetic pen of one who knew her well pays a most tender and eloquent tribute to her character and virtues, in the colums of that journal of Saturday evening. We extend to Mr. Hensel our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the sore affliction he has been called upon to suffer. May God comfort and console him in his great loss.

ON Thursday of last week President Arthur, acting on the recently written opinion of the Attorney General, remitted that portion of the sentence of the Fitz John Porter court martial by which he was "disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States." Gen. Sewell, the Republican member of the Senate from New Jersey, will introduce a bill into that body to carry out at once the recommendation of the advisory board of army officers, consisting of Generals Schofield, Terry and Getty, to restore Gen. Porter to the position of which he was deprived by the sentence of the court martial.

MICHAEL DAVITT was released from Portland jail, a short distance from London, on last Saturday morning. His friends Parnell, Dillon and O'Kelly traveled from London and were present to welcome him back to liberty. His health is good. On the morning of his release he had completed the fifteenth month of his imprisonment since his rearrest, making a complete record of nine years and ten months spent in English prisons for political causes. About the only complaint he makes is that during these fifteen weary months he was almost completely cut off from all intercourse with his fellow men, as he was not allowed to exchange a word with any of the other prisoners, even the jail wardens being forbidden to speak to him.

CAMERON'S machine State convention met at Harrisburg on Wednesday last and we learn this (Thursday) morning that three of the candidates for State officers were nominated before the adjournment of the convention yesterday evening, viz: Beaver for Governor, Davies for Lieutenant Governor, and Rawle for Judge of the Supreme Court. These nominations, as every one who reads the newspapers know, were settled upon by Cameron months ago, and all that the convention had to do was to meet and go through the empty form of ratifying them. The other two candidates to complete the ticket will be Greer for Secretary of Internal Affairs and ex-State Treasurer Butler for Congressman at-large. We may possibly be mistaken in regard to Butler, but we think not.

WHENEVER one political party uses its power in a State Legislature to perpetrate a glaring wrong, the opposite party in power in other States, under the plea of self-defence, will be sure to imitate the example. After the partisan and totally indefensible manner in which the Republican Legislatures of Iowa, Michigan, Illinois, Ohio, and some others, have districted their respective States for Congressional purposes, we are not at all surprised that the Democratic Legislature of Missouri has just done what we have been denouncing as political outrages by the Republican party in the States above referred to. That State, whose Legislature adjourned on Saturday last, is entitled to fourteen members of Congress, and the apportionment bill, passed on the day of final adjournment, is intended to elect thirteen Democrats and one Republican. At the Presidential election Hancock had 208,580 votes in the State and Garfield had 153,587. While it will therefore require only about sixteen thousand votes to elect each of the thirteen Democratic members, all of Garfield's vote, more than nine times sixteen thousand, will be represented by a single member. This is infinitely worse than the attempt of the freebooter, Mahone, to disfranchise the debt-paying Democracy of Virginia. No honest man can stand up and offer even an apology for this Missouri gerrymander. It is as rough and ready a piece of work as was ever performed by her distinguished citizen, the late Jesse James, when he was engaged in wrecking and robbing railroad passenger trains.

AN account of the double assassination in Phoenix Park, Dublin, on last Saturday evening, of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Under-Secretary Thomas Henry Burke, will be found elsewhere in our paper. It is one of the most bloody and infamous crimes of modern days and may perhaps strike a heavy blow at the newly revived hope of better government for Ireland, inspired by the recent change of policy inaugurated by Mr. Gladstone towards that unfortunate country, in which for many centuries there has been neither peace nor rest. The assassination of Cavendish is senseless beyond words to express, and is the counterpart, so far at least, as it's stupendous folly is concerned, of the murder of Abraham Lincoln, who but for the deadly bullet of the assassin would have shown himself a kind and true friend of the Southern people. So Lord Cavendish, as the representative of Mr. Gladstone's adoption of the policy of conciliation, would have been instrumental in a large degree in evolving order and quiet out of the present chaotic condition of Irish affairs. At all events he went to Ireland as her friend and not as her enemy. Who is responsible for this insane and monstrous crime? It is not pretended, even in England, that the Irish Land League inspired it, or had any connection with it. The eloquent and indignant manifesto of Parnell, Dillon and Davitt, elsewhere published, denouncing the crime in the most sweeping terms, as well as the public horror manifested throughout Ireland by the Land League at the act, would be a sufficient answer for any imputation of that kind, if made. In a brief time, perhaps within the next twenty-four hours, the perpetrators of the fearful tragedy will be hunted down and the mystery now surrounding the affair dispelled. It is too soon yet to speculate upon the effect, if any, that the assassination will produce upon Mr. Gladstone's new departure in administering the government of Ireland, though the expression of the English press indicates that the late change of policy avowed by the ministry will not be abandoned.

Secretary of the Navy, Washington, U. S. A.:

LENA DELTA, March 24.—Found DeLong and party dead. Found all papers and books. Continue search for Chipp.

MELVILLE.

The foregoing brief despatch tells the sad and melancholy fate of Lieut. DeLong and ten of the men who went out with him in the Jeannette to explore the Arctic regions. The vessel was purchased and fitted out for the voyage by Mr. Bennett, proprietor of the New York *Herald*, at his own expense, and sailed from San Francisco in July, 1879. DeLong was a Lieutenant in the Navy and was assigned by the Navy Department at Bennett's request, to command the expedition. The other officers and the crew of the ship numbered about thirty-six men. On the 23d of last June, nearly two years after she had left San Francisco, the Jeannette was crushed by the ice in the Arctic ocean, and DeLong, dividing the crew into three parties, with himself at the head of one, Engineer Melville, who sends the despatch, at the head of another, and Lieutenant Chipp in charge of the third, took refuge in the three boats of the ship. In a heavy gale at night the boats became separated. Chipp's boat has never been heard from and was no doubt lost in the storm. Melville's party managed to reach one of the mouths of the Lena river, in Siberia, in September last, and it is known that DeLong and his party reached the coast at a point north of the Lena about the same time. This information is based on the fact that two of his men, sent by DeLong to hunt a settlement and to return with provisions for their relief, reached Bolenga, in Siberia, on the 29th of October. As soon as Melville could organize an expedition he started back to search for his companions, and the result is announced in his despatch as given above. It is a sad thing to learn of these brave and adventurous men thus dying from slow starvation, but the fate of the Jeannette and her gallent crew will not deter others from embarking in the same hazardous and foolhardy enterprise. Melville's full report of his search will be awaited with deep interest.

WHEN Mr. Merrick, one of the counsel for the government in the Star route cases, made the statement in court two weeks ago that the prosecution had ample evidence to prove the guilt of Stephen W. Dorsey, ex-U. S. Senator from Arkansas, and now one of the defendants, the head and front really of the Star route ring, Robert G. Ingersoll, who is Dorsey's counsel, said to him with all the coolness of a veteran gambler; "I'll bet you a thousand dollars you have not." To which Mr. Merrick replied: "that's not the way we try cases in law, by betting." "You know the old story," responded Ingersoll, "put up or shut up." Thus endeth the first chapter. Now for the second. There are two Dorseys, the ex-Senator, Stephen W., and his brother, John W., both cast in the same mould, John having been the man of all work for Stephen W. in his Star route manipulations and now a co-defendant with him. Jno. W. seems to have a strong repugnance against his appearance in court, although he is under heavy bonds to do so, and Ingersoll had pledged Mr. Bliss, another of the government's counsel, that he would produce him when wanted. Jno. W. wasn't on hand, however, on yesterday week, when the cases were called for trial, and Mr. Bliss charged that Ingersoll's failure to have his client in court was a mere measure of delay. "Royal Bob," as Garfield called him, springing to his feet and bringing his fist down upon the table with sledge-hammer force, exclaimed: "You are a liar, sir; a liar." These are some of the amenities of Bob Ingersoll in the court room, and we only mention them as incidents peculiar to the trial, all the efforts of the counsel for the two Dorsey's being plainly for the purpose of delay. The cases will be called up again on Tuesday next. Perhaps a beginning will then be made of their trial, but certainly not if Ingersoll can prevent it.

THUS far there is no reliable clue to the assassins of Cavendish and Burke.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, May 8, 1882.

[*Regular Correspondence of* THE FREEMAN.]

DEAR MCPIKE—There has been an infernally blue and disagreeable time here for the last eight or ten days. Clouds have hung over the city during the entire time. Thousands have been sad and sorrowful with exasperated bronchials, and especially sad and sorrowful has it been with those afflicted in that way who have been without whiskey and rock candy. If there had been just a little sunshine it would have been inspiriting; but without it one felt as if he would as soon live as die. It would be a very inconvenient time for me to die for many reasons which would be uninteresting reading if I were to give them.

WASHINGTON MANDATES.

Washington society sighs, but sighs in vain, for Captain Howgate's "darling" little yacht parties down the Potomac. The Captain and the yacht are not. Howgate's picture, however, is the latest addition to the rogue's gallery.

Presidents are becoming very expensive individuals for Republics. It cost Tilden $200,000 to support Hayes four years, and it cost the government 180,000 to bury Garfield; besides there now comes six men who during Garfield's illness worked the Jennings' refrigerator—a sort of voiceless hand-organ with a breath registering 60 degrees Fahrenheit. These six Jennings' organ-grinders were neglected by the remunerating committee, and Congress is asked to pony up again. One hundred thousand dollars, however, will probably satisfy the organ men.

Shipherd was fragrant enough to start a commercial fertilizer, and in sampling Blair the committee struck ammonia in paying quantities.

The English journals say that Henry Brewster's interference in Doctor Lamson's case reflects no credit on him as a man or lawyer. Meantime the Americans are saying he is not much of either. If Benny would haul down Alliunda Joe from the Supreme Bench and convict him of bribery and corruption in the Tilden-Hayes election fraud what a triumph it would be for him, while at the same time what a disaster it would be for A. J.

When Senators Cameron and Mitchell sneak from the Senate chamber down into the restaurant kitchen to lunch, Cameron takes pork and beans and Mitchell takes strawberries and cream.

BLAINE AND BELMONT.

"Things are not what they seem." The public is looking with great interest to future developments coming out of that highly exciting and dramatic scene in the Foreign Relations Committee. Blaine said Belmont was not gentleman, and Belmont said Blaine was a bully and a coward. How much longer will the public have to wallow in imaginative gore? The young New Yorker struck a very sore and tender nerve of the old Maineite. Surely all the unpleasant odor the Peruvian guano business has not been il-limited. Is the bully afraid of reviewing the fragrant memories of the episode of the Mulligan letters? Are there to be no more guano blossoms? Are they both truthful? Is one not a gentleman and the other a bully and a coward?

INGERSOLL VS. BLISS.

Much as I regret trouble in our ordinarily peaceful country, I cannot refrain from remarking, with as much delicacy as may seem requisite in the premises, that I do not see how a hostile meeting between Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Bliss can be avoided. I do not suppose that either of those eminent and brave men wishes to die so early; but if the melancholy affair cannot be adjusted by any possible method of compromise, and death be inevitable, I feel it my duty to advance the opinion that the the most eminently proper way in which to die would be under the Galway code. I have a neighbor friend who has a certified copy of the Galway code, which he will be pleased to place at the disposal of the aggrieved party, and if he should happen to desire professional information as to the exact technical nature of his precise scientific methods of redress to be adopted, my friend will enlighten him on both. My friend has also a magnificent pair of hair triggers, which have been known to bring down single birds on the wing. If these brave men must die, let them die under the Galway code, and at the muzzles of my friend's handsome shooting-irons. I do hope, however, that a hostile meeting between these two brave gentlemen will be avoided by the arduous intervention of friends. This is merely a suggestion of my own.

SOLDIER VS. SOLDIER.

All the Republican Gubernatorial booms, even the Farmer Butler boom, seem to have fizzled out, and the friends of General Beaver see the way clear for his nomination for Governor by the Republican State Convention. As the Republicans of Pennsylvania have settled upon a soldier as their candidate for Governor, and as the Democrats have seemingly settled upon a civillian as their candidate for Governor, would it not be politic for the Democrats to place a soldier candidate on their ticket for one of the other State offices? The Democrats have as glorious a list of soldiers to choose leaders from as have the Republicans. In Major Moses Veale the Democrats have as great a war veteran, as have the Republicans in General James Beaver. Major Veale has a more glorious war record than Gen. Beaver. Veale has a war record before which Beaver's record, even with his 306 brass medal added, would grow dim. Major Veale participated in the following described battles and engagements in the late war, viz: Boliver Heights, Cedar Mountain, Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, Wantratchia, Brandy Station, Missionary Ridge, Rocky Face Ridge, Nickajack Trace, Riggold, Dalton, Snake Creek Gap, Ressacca, Dallas, Cassville, Kennesaw Mountain, seige and capture of Atlanta, seige and capture of Savannah, and the seiges and captures of Bentonville and Averysboro. He was wounded six times. One ball passed through his right shoulder and one through his body and right lung, and narrowly escaped death on many occasions. But not only is his military record good and brilliant, but as a civillian he has an unblemished reputation. He is a cultivated gentleman, an able and eloquent speaker, a man who will elevate the standard of any party, and reflect character upon the ticket. If the Democrats of Pennsylvania are wise they will not ignore the soldier element of the State, but place a soldier such as Major Veale on the State ticket. With the gallant soldier Veale on the ticket as Lieutenant Governor, and with an able Chairman of the State Committee, such as George McGowan, a Democratic victory will be assured. G. N. S.

"BEST OF ALL."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—My family has used your "Favorite Prescription" and it has done all that is claimed for it. It is the best of all preparations for female complaint. I recommend it to all my customers.—G. S. WATERMAN, Druggist, Baltimore, Md.

—The Land League has issued a proclamation denouncing in emphatic terms the assassination of Lord Cavendish and Under-Secretary Burke in Dublin on last Saturday. The various branches in many of the large cities of the Union have adopted resolutions in accordance with the spirit of the proclamation.

HEARTILY RECOMMENDED.

Don't condemn a good thing because you have been deceived by worthless nostrums. Parker's Ginger Tonic has cured many in this section of nervous disorders, and we recommend it heartily to such sufferers.—*News.*

A BLOODY DEED.

THE NEW IRISH SECRETARY AND HIS ASSISTANT FOULLY MURDERED.

DUBLIN, May 6.—A terrible tragedy occurred here to-night. Lord Frederick Cavendish, the new Secretary, and Mr. Thomas Henry Burke, the Under Secretary, were assassinated in Phœnix Park. About half-past seven they left the Under Secretary's lodge to walk over to the Chief Secretary's residence. When within one hundred yards of the Phœnix Monument they were attacked by four men wearing slouched hats. It is supposed Mr. Burke was first assailed and stabbed through the heart. Lord Frederick Cavendish attempted to defend him, but he too was stabbed by the assassins. They repeatedly plunged their knives into the breasts of their victims, and having cut their throats they got on a car and drove rapidly from the park by the Chapelized gate. A few minutes afterward a man walking along the park road found the bodies covered with blood, and at once informed the police, who had the bodies removed to the Stephens Hospital. A slight examination was made, and it was found that Lord Frederick Cavendish's arm was also broken. The news rapidly spread and created the wildest excitement and consternation in the city. Lord Spencer and the Viceregal party were just going down to dinner at the lodge when the news was sent to them. Some members of the household were at the opera at the Gaiety Theatre and were sent for. When the cause of their departure was known the excitement was intense and a proposal was made to stop the performance, which was ultimately cut short.

Lord Frederick Cavendish only arrived in Dublin this afternoon along with Earl Spencer, the new Lord Lieutenant. He was present at the installation ceremony in Dublin Castle, and left there with Mr. Burke, his fellow-victim, early in the evening. It is stated that some lads riding bicycles in the park saw the attack and the murders, which were the work of less than a minute. Many people were within a few hundred yards of the scene of the assassination, but no one appears to have been near enough to interfere. When the bodies were first found Lord Frederick Cavendish's lips were moving, as if he were trying to speak, but he showed no further signs of consciousness. It is needless to add that the assassinations are attributed to the Fenians, although this must be pure conjecture. The assassins were seen entering the park on a car and driving rapidly along the main road, and from all accounts they must have encountered their victims as they were crossing the road. Robbery could not have been their object as nothing on the bodies was touched.

PARNELL AND DAVITT ON THE ASSASSINATION—A RINGING MANIFESTO.

LONDON, May 7.—Parnell and Davitt have spoken upon the assassination. Parnell said: "I am horrified more than I can express. This is one of the most atrocious crimes ever committed. Its effect must certainly be most damaging to the interests of the Irish people. I have always found Lord Frederick Cavendish a most amiable gentleman, painstaking and strictly conscientious in the fulfilment of his official duties. I did not share the disappointment expressed in Liberal Irish circles regarding his appointment, as I anticipated that principal reform of the present session, such as the amendment of the land act, would be under Gladstone's personal supervision and I believed the administrative reforms would be somewhat postponed. I cannot conceive that any section of the people of Ireland could have plotted deliberately against the life of Lord Frederick, and I am surprised the Dublin police, who had been able to protect Mr. Forster, should apparently not have taken any steps to watch over his successor during the few hours of his official life in Ireland. There seems to be an unhappy destiny presiding over Ireland which always comes at the moment when there seems some chance for the country, to destroy the hopes of its best friends. I hope the people of Ireland will take immediate and practical steps to express their sympathy with Mr. Gladstone in his most painful position."

DAVITT'S DENUNCIATION.

Mr. Davitt said: "No language I can possibly command can express the horror with which I regret the murders, or my despair at their consequences. When I heard of them Saturday night I could not credit the news. I grieve to think when the Government has just run a risk in introducing a new policy; when everything seemed bright and hopeful; when all expected the outrages to cease, this terrible event should dash our hopes. I wish to God I had never left Portland. The crime was without motive. It is not only the most fatal blow that has ever been struck at the Land League, but one of the most disastrous blows which has been sustained by the national cause during the last century. Its occurrence at this particular juncture seems like a terrible destiny. My only hope is that the assassins may be discovered and punished as they deserve. It is wonderful how the outrage could occur within a few hundred yards of the constabulary depot."

THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE.

The following manifesto of the Land League was adopted this afternoon at a hurriedly summoned meeting at Westminster Palace Hotel:

To the People of Ireland:

On the eve of what seemed a bright future for our country the evil destiny which has apparently pursued us for centuries has struck at our hopes another time. In this hour of sorrowful gloom we venture to express our profoundest sympathy with the people of Ireland in the calamity that has befallen our cause through this horrible deed, and with those who determined at the last hour that a policy of conciliation should supplant that of anarchy and national distrust. We earnestly hope that the attitude and action of the Irish people will show to the world that assassination, such as has startled us almost to the abandonment of the hope of our country's future, is deeply and religiously abhorrent to their every feeling and instinct. We appeal to you to show by every manner of expression that, amidst the universal feeling of horror which the assassination has excited, no people feel so great a detestation of the atrocity, or so deep a sympathy with those whose hearts must be seared by it, as the nation upon whose prosperity and reviving hopes it may entail consequences more ruinous than those that have fallen to the lot of unhappy Ireland during the present generation. We feel that no act that has ever been perpetrated in our country during the exciting struggles of the past fifty years has so stained the name of hospitable Ireland as this cowardly and unprovoked assassination of a friendly stranger, and until the murderers of Cavendish and Burke are brought to justice that stain will sully our country's name.

[Signed] CHARLES S. PARNELL,
JOHN DILLON,
MICHAEL DAVITT.

BOSTON IRISHMEN OFFER A REWARD FOR THE ASSASSINS' ARREST.

BOSTON, Mass. May, 8—The following was this morning cabled to Mr. Parnell:

A reward of $5,000 (£1,000) is hereby offered by the Irishmen of Boston for the apprehension of the murderers, or any of them, of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, on Saturday, May 6. On behalf of the Irishmen of Boston,

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.
PATRICK A. COLLINS.

A MOTHER'S TERRIBLE INHUMANITY.—Nancy Henry, a young negro woman, 28 years old, was brought to Selma, Ala., on Wednesday, from a plantation thirty miles distant, and lodged in jail, charged with killing her son, a boy ten years of age, by continued and fiendishly barbarous treatment. Ten days ago she commenced maltreating her son in a particularly cruel manner, and from that day until the moment when death relieved him of all misery he has been in a condition superlatively pitiful. She whipped him until he was unable to walk, then took a plank and struck him a blow that broke his left leg, between the knee and ankle. A day or two afterward, with the same instrument of torture, she broke the right thigh bone and then, because he would not get up, she whipped him with a strap to cure him of possuming." An old rusty scythe blade was brought into play, and with this the helpless boy was literally hacked to pieces. From head to foot his body presented a succession of revolting cuts, gashes, bruises and running sores. Last Sunday, late in the afternoon, stretched on a thin ragged pallet, placed in an out of the way corner of the house, the boy died. On Monday he was buried in a hastily scratched out hole, without coffin or any preparation for the grave. The facts as given, coming to the ears of law officers, led to the exhuming of the body, the arrest of the mother, and her transmission to the county jail for safe keeping.

BURIED AFTER YEARS OF WAITING.—A strange burial took place at Palmyra, on the Amboy Division of the Pennsylvania railroad, a short distance from Bordentown, N. J., on Tuesday of last week, when the bodies of three children who had been dead a number of years, were laid to rest in the cemetery in that village. Some twenty years ago a child of Henry Coy died, and the father, being unwilling to have the child buried, had the remains sealed up in a bronze casket, which he stored away in a room in his house. A year later two more of his children died, and they were put in caskets and disposed of as the first one was. All attempts to induce the father to have the bodies buried failed. In all his travels through the country the bodies were taken with the family. He at one time lived at Camden, where he manufactured surgical instruments, and had been a resident of Philadelphia and other places. He finally settled one and a half miles from Palmyra, where he died recently at the age of sixty-one years. He was a very eccentric man, and was unwilling to make the acquaintance of any one living near him. It is stated that he would sit for hours in the room with the caskets, and seemed to take pleasure in being with them.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

Geo. Petterman, of South Bethlehem, had the small pox twice.

—For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. At James' drug store.

—Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. At James' drug store.

—George Moyer, of Sinking Spring, Berks county, was horribly mangled on Friday by the premature explosion of a blast.

—Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. At James' drug store.

—A cow belonging to James McMahon, of Mount Pleasant township Columbia county, recently gave birth to three calves.

—A sheet-iron rolling mill company, with a paid-up capital of $64,000, has been formed at Cannonsburg, Washington county.

—The latest and greatest discovery is PERUNA. If you do not feel well take it at once. At James' drug store, Ebensburg.

—Emanuel Bott, an Italian, who killed his brother in Hazelton several months ago, during a quarrel has become insane through remorse.

—What gives a healthy appetite, an increased digestion, strength to the muscles, and tone to the nerves? Brown's Iron Bitters.

—Pickerel and other excellent varieties of fish, caught in the lake and bay, have been sold in Erie recently at one cent a pound in quantities.

—Argument upon Guiteau's appeal from the judgment of the lower Court, commenced on Tuesday last before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

—Americans are great scribblers. Even the lunatics on Blackwell's Island edit and publish a paper. And they are not the only lunatics engaged in the business.

—Some of the rules governing Moyamensing prison made it impossible for all the 306 members of the Pennsylvania delegation to meet at Harrisburg on Wednesday last.

—Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness, and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. At James' drug store.

—Alice Buckle and Susie Mittenburg, aged 3 years each, quarrelled at Sewickley, Allegheny county, on Thursday, when the latter fatally injured the former with a hatchet.

—John McKern, of Bloomington, Ill., was hanged by a mob on Monday at Lawson, Arizona, in consequence of McKern and others having assaulted and robbed a railroad hand.

—The county jail at Brook Haven, Miss., was destroyed by fire Sunday night, burning to death three colored prisoners. It is believed they fired the building for the purpose of escape.

—At 7 o'clock Thursday evening John Davidson, aged 32, residing at 718 Swanson street, Philadelphia, killed his mother, 60 years of age, by breaking her skull with a hatchet. He was arrested.

—Thirty thousand deer have been killed in the vicinity of Jacksonville, Oregon, during the past year by hunters for their skins alone. This does not include the number killed by the settlers of the locality mentioned.

—Daniel Bollier, employed at the Iron Works at Troy, N. Y., was instantly killed on Friday by a rod of iron coming out of the rolls and going directly through his body. He was asleep on a plank at the time.

—Terrible itching and scaly humors, ulcers, sores and scrofulous swellings cured by the Cuticura and Cuticura soap (the great skin cures) externally, and Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally. Ask about them at your druggists.

—Clear head and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress. These are conditions brought about in Catarrh by the use of Sanford's Radical cure. Complete treatment for one dollar.

—The President has "remitted" all the penalties incurred by Fitz John Porter under the finding of the court martial which deprived him of his position in the army and debarred him from ever holding office under the United States government.

—Charles Lord, of Montgomery county, Ark., a few nights ago heard a strange noise in his back yard. He thought a bear or panther was prowling about the premises, and emptied his revolver in the direction of a dark object. He shot his wife.

—Mrs. Thomas Conroy dropped dead on the street at Troy, N. Y., on Friday afternoon. She arose from her bed on Thursday night and disappeared without her husband's knowledge and was returning home from her strange absence when she died.

—The jury in the case of Richard O'Gorman vs. William B. Arnoux, in which the former contested the right of the latter to the Supreme Court Judgeship of New York city, were unable to agree on Friday, and were discharged from further consideration of the case.

—Richard Burke, of Clonmel, Ireland, in whose veins runs blood akin to that of Edmund Burke, was married in San Francisco a few days ago to one of the chief heiresses of that city. This was Miss Donohue, daughter of James Donohue, who, with his brother, gave its gaslight to San Francisco.

—Two men named Bailey and Arman were arrested on Tuesday last in Dublin on suspicion of being implicated in the recent assassination, and another who gave the name of Cloonan, who is believed to be driver of the car in which the assassins rode was taken into custody at Tuam the same day.

—Mrs. Mary Blessing, aged 72 years, residing with her son at Hummelstown, Dauphin county, on Sunday last locked herself in a room, removed all her clothes, set them on fire and then threw herself in the flames When discovered she was horribly burned, and died in a few hours afterwards. She was slightly demented.

—Dr. Preston E. Buckner, of Greenville, Miss., on Thursday night entered the room where a man named Wentworth was sleeping, and as it was very dark and not being able to discern who it was, the latter called upon him to halt. Dr. Buckner paying no attention to the command, Wentworth fired, killing him almost instantly.

—In Clinton county the court has directed the constables to include in their quarterly returns all persons who rent houses for bawdy purposes, saloon keepers who allow card playing for drinks, persons who sell gunpowder, fire-arms or explosives to anybody under 16 years of age, and those who sell or offer fish in violation of law.

—A Bellefonte boy stole his mother's canary bird and sold it to a man who had just lost one for $2 and the dead bird in exchange, and when his mother was overwhelmed with grief and gave it a tearful burial he assisted her with the money jingling in his pockets. That boy will some day drift to New York and become a great financier.

—Chicago is the greatest lumber market in the world. The single item of sawed lumber received there in 1881 would lay an inch flooring fourteen feet wide round the earth at the equator. The amount of lumber manufactured in the three States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota during 1881 would lay such a floor fifty feet wide.

—John Clancey, 35 years old, died late on Friday night at the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, of hemorrhage, the result of a curious accident. While Clancey was smoking a long-stem clay pipe at his home, on Tuesday, he tripped and fell, forcing the pipe-stem into the roof of his mouth and causing an exhausting flow of blood.

—Five children were deserted by their parents at Newcomerstown, Ohio. The oldest was 12 and the youngest a baby. The only food in the house was some corn meal, and they ate it as long as it lasted. Then they were two days without a mouthful of anything but water. It was not until the infant died that they informed the neighbors of their plight.

—The Pittsburgh *Dispatch* says that a catfish of extraordinary size was caught by a farmer on Thursday in the Connoquenessing creek, at Hague's Mill, on the Pittsburg and Western Railroad. It was 42 inches long, 9 inches broad at the head, and when its mouth was opened the distance between the upper and lower "lips" was 7 inches. It weighed 31 pounds.

—Michael Kane was bitten by a dog in Philadelphia at the same time that drunkenness had brought him to the verge of delirium tremens. He mistook the vagaries of his mind for symptoms of hydrophobia, and nobody could convince him that he did not have the latter disease. He died after five days of this delusion, partly from alcoholism, but chiefly from fright.

—John Granger, a Detroit druggist quarreled with his wife about money matters the other day, and because she failed to take his view of the situation he carried her up stairs and attempted to throw her out of the second story window of the house. A struggle ensued, terminating in both falling out of the window to the roof of a shed below. The woman was badly injured.

—The Territorial *Enterprise* of recent date says: In the case of J. G. Vanmeter, of Oroville, who was killed by bees last Thursday, it is said: "He was moving a hive of bees and it is supposed that a bee flew into his throat, stinging him so that his throat closed. He entered the house uttering the word 'bees' and went immediately into convulsions, dying in a short time."

—A special from Oshkosh, Wis., announces the death of Ephraim Sherman Durfee, aged ninety-seven years, who was the Worshipful Master of the Rochester Lodge of Masons in 1828, and conferred the degrees on Morgan, who subsequently exposed the Masonic secrets. Owing to the anti-Masonic excitement at the time, Mr. Durfee was compelled to leave the country. He was a soldier of the war of 1812.

—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* made a mysterious but prominent announcement the other day that an advanced step in railroading has been discovered which will revolutionize that business and put it fifty years ahead of the age. It says the officials of six of the largest and most enterprising roads in the Mississippi Valley were for two days discussing the new improvement, the nature of which will be announced in a few days.

—Marie Konig, a German woman, aged 56 years, murdered her son Auguste, 5 years old, in Boston, on last Tuesday morning, by cutting his throat with a case knife. She then cut the throat of her daughter Mary, aged 13, but not fatally. Her son Alfred was cut in a dozen places and a boy of 17 was wounded, neither of them fatally. Mrs. Konig then attempted to commit suicide by cutting her left leg below the knee.

—Wednesday afternoon of last week a man named John Charlebois, accompanied by two of his children, attempted to cross a lake in the Gatineau lumber district, near Ottawa, Ont. The ice being in bad condition, the man went through. The children, aged 7 and 11 years, bravely went to his rescue and made a desperate effort to save him. In this they were unsuccessful, and, the ice giving way beneath them, all three perished.

—An Omaha man, in danger of losing his house by the foreclosure of a mortgage, sold his wife to her admirer for the $200 needed to satisfy the claim. That was two years ago, at which time the proceeding caused considerable comment. The new couple lived amicably together until lately, when the original husband, having prospered during his period of bachelorhood, bought back the woman at an advance of $50.

—On Sunday evening two boys, named Newton Metz and Julius Kendall, aged 15, got into a quarrel at Glorin Gap, W. Va., over a dog belonging to one of them, which the other charged with killing his father's sheep. From words they came to blows, when Kendall stabbed Metz in the left breast, the blade penetrating the lower lobe of the lungs and in the stomach, inflicting a wound through which the bowels protruded. Metz will die, if not already dead. Kendall was arrested.

—The staging on which ten Boston riveters employed in building a bridge over the Connecticut River railroad at Cheapside fell on Friday, precipitating eight men a distance of sixty-five feet to the ground, injuring all of them and two fatally. Hugh Warnock and Enman Wistner are the two most seriously injured. They will not live. The others are severely injured about the spine and two will suffer from paralysis, John O'Brien and Thomas Flavin, while two others, Joseph H. Nichols and Michael Crawley, are in a precarious condition.

—An old German farmer, named Robert Bechter, and his wife, living near Leona, Kansas, had led very unhappy lives during the past few years, and for upwards of six years quarrels had occurred almost daily. Their son on Saturday went to town and upon returning found his father dead and his mother dying from bullet wounds from a revolver. The woman left a letter saying that she had shot her husband because he intended to disinherit the son, and she preferred that both should die, that the son might enjoy the property undisturbed. The act was deliberately planned and skilfully executed.

—L. H. Newton, an engineer on the L. and N. R. R., returned to his home in Louisville, Ky., on Thursday morning and found his wife in bed unconscious, and at her side a four-year-old adopted child, dead. A note on the table written by Mrs. Newton was to the effect that she had given morphine to the child and taken a dose herself, for the purpose of destroying the life of each. The father of the boy, a Mr. Stusser, husband of Mrs. Newton's deceased sister, was to be married that day, and she was apprehensive that the father would take the child from her, and this prompted the act for the destruction of both lives. Mrs. Newton, it is thought, will get well.

—Margaret Bethel was for twenty years a pensioner on the charity of St. Mark's Episcopal church, Philadelphia. She had a pitiful aspect, lived in very humble apartments, and was a persistent beggar, her complaint always being that she was on the verge of starvation. She died a few days ago, and some of her benefactors opened their eyes in surprise when they saw her remains carried in a $200 coffin to a $500 vault. The next revelation was made when her daughter furnished a house in an expensive manner, took daily carriage rides in the park, and dressed in fashionable clothes. Investigation has shown that Margaret had, by begging, accumulated a fortune of $10,000.

—The trial of James Quinn, accused of criminal assault, ended in an unusual manner at Sunbury, on Wednesday of last week. When Sarah Heaton, the victim of the assault, aged fourteen years, was called, she refused to testify. The entreaties of her father, mother and friends availed nothing, and when informed by the Judge that she would have to go to jail if she persisted in the refusal to testify, she said she preferred that to sending the prisoner to the penitentiary. The prisoner thereupon sprang forward and proposed marriage to the girl. Business was suspended, a Justice was called in, and the couple were united in wedlock. The Judge then instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty.

—Shortly after noon on Sunday last smoke was seen issuing from the interior of the massive stone Court House, in Pittsburgh, and by 1 o'clock the stone walls only remained. The fire created intense excitement, and on account of the jail being attached to the burning building fears were entertained that the prisoners would escape. There was no occasion for alarm, however, as the jail was not in danger, and a close guard was kept over the inmates, who were not aware that a fire was in progress near them. As soon as the fire was discovered a number of officials and others forced their way into the burning building and succeeded in saving nearly all of the records and law library. While endeavoring to save the records in the Jury Commissioner's office, Harry McDermott, a grandson of Jury Commissioner Hogan, was killed by falling glass. Several firemen narrowly escaped death by burning, and a number were more or less injured by the falling debris, but the accident to McDermott is believed to be the only one resulting fatally. The building destroyed was of stone, and originally cost about $200,000, and many thousands have been expended in improvements. The insurance on the burned portion is $50,000.

DUTIES OF SUPERVISORS.—To the Lewistown *Democrat and Sentinel* we are indebted for the following sensible article on the duties of Supervisors of public roads, to whom we commend its careful consideration:

"The office of Supervisor of public roads or even a township is an important office. The holder of this office occupies a responsible position before the public. He is in many respects the custodian of the citizens—their pecuniary interests are enhanced by the proper discharge of his duties, and to some extent their safety and comfort also. And he is holding a responsible place from the fact that he is entrusted to levy a tax on the people, and to expend it. It would be well for those elected to this office to consider how important a trust has been committed to them, and that they are holding no mean place among the office-holders of our Commonwealth. They may readily see the duties belonging to their office if well performed contribute at once and more directly to the benefit of our citizens than do those of any other office. His duties are not of those that are skirked, or only attended to when other things may not require his attention. He has taken upon himself to serve the public in this capacity, and the public are expecting his services for the reason that they have a right to them. There are many offices of trust the holders of which may shirk duty and deceive and not be detected, but not so with the Supervisors. The condition of the roads under his care are all the while bearing testimony, either to his faithfulness or else to his neglect of duty. And now if the office is one of so much importance, and if its duties well performed are of so much immediate benefit to the people, and as all that these overseers of our roads may do on them or not do on them must and will be evident, may we not conclude that there reasons and motives enough to stimulate those to do good work who have just taken charge of our roads for the year."

DR. MOTT'S ENDORSEMENT OF SPEER'S PORT WINE.—The celebrated Dr. Mott, of New York, speaks wonders for Mr. Speer's efforts to raise the Oporto Grape in New Jersey. The Doctor has spent years in Portugal and the wine districts of France, and knows what he is talking about. Read what he says:

62 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y.

MR. ALFRED SPEER—*Dear Sir:* The visit which I made last year to your vineyards, wine presses and vaults at Passaic, N. J., satisfies me thoroughly that the wines produced by you are pure and unadulterated, and the very best that can be offered to the public for medicinal uses.

Acting on my favorable impression at the time, I have since recommended the Port Wine; more particularly in my practice, and am satisfied with marked benefit to my patients.

There can be no better proof to the doubting mind, as to the Wine being made of the finest Oporto Grape, than a visit to the acres of land covered with the vine bearing the luxuriant fruit. Wishing you success in your praiseworthy enterprise, I remain respectfully yours,

ALEX. E. MOTT, M. D.,
Prof. of Surgery, Bellevue Hospital Medical College, etc., etc.

This wine is for sale at James' drug store, Ebensburg.

PITTSFORD, Mass., Sept. 28, 1878.—*Sirs:* I have taken Hop Bitters and recommend them to others, as I found them very beneficial. MRS. J. W. TULLER, Sec. Women's Christian Temperance Union.

GOOD NEWS.—Farmers can now obtain repairs for the Aetna Mowers and Reapers, formerly built at Salem, Ohio, by addressing HENRY FISHER, Canton, Ohio.

A HARRISBURG woman is the possessor of twenty-five cats and one dog.

JUDGE DEAN ON TAVERN LICENSES.—We have published from time to time the views expressed by Judge Dean on the subject of granting hotel licenses—a question which at the first term of court in every year in each of the counties composing this judicial district is the subject of more or less agitation. At the recent Blair county court, which convened week before last, the usual difficulties presented themselves when the remonstrances against granting license to certain applicants were before the court for its consideration. We publish below the remarks made by the Judge in announcing the conclusions at which the court had arrived. The concluding portion of them will probably interest some persons in this county whose license petitions will be presented to the court for its action at March term, 1883. Judge Dean said:

It may, of course, and doubtless does, seem to the counsel somewhat arbitrary to refuse these licenses and grant some others; but we have not acted arbitrarily in the matter, but have endeavored to grant such licenses as we thought, under the law, should be granted, and have refused such as we thought ought to be refused. In every case our discretion has been exercised in view of the particular evidence adduced in the case, and the locality of the house; and having exercised our discretion, after a full hearing and careful examination of the facts, we intend to adhere to one decision, and we do not intend to change it by solicitations or on motions to reconsider. We do not say we will not hear motions to reconsider—it is our duty to do that if they should be made—but, as our discretion has been exercised after full consideration, it is not at all probable that we will make any change, in any case, in the decision we have come to until another year has passed.

We have granted altogether in the county fifty-one licenses, including those granted at the January term. It was saidhere on the part of the remonstrants that the licenses should not be increased, and there has been no increase in proportion to the population. In 1850 the population of this county was 21,776, and the number of licenses, hotels, eating houses, etc., was 58, or one to every 375 inhabitants. In 1860 the population was 27,829 and the number of licenses was 66, or one to every 436 inhabitants. In 1870 the population was 38,051, with 47 licenses, or one for 800 inhabitants. In 1880 the population was 52,751 and the number of licenses was 44, or one for every 1,200 inhabitants. The population of the county is now probably not much less than 58,000 and the number of licenses 61, not much in excess of two years ago. Statistics show therefore the country has now only one license to every 1,100 or 1,200 of the population, while in 1880 there was one for every 374; and we think, therefore, that the traffic is now confined to about as narrow a limit as it can be under the law. It has been alleged here—not proven, but alleged—in regard to some of the houses licensed, that they are not kept as hotels, but only as drinking saloons. The law does not contemplate the licensing of saloons, and next year, if this question is raised, we will require applicants to show by the production of their registers, or other proof, that the public has used them as hotels; and if the public has not so used them, it matters not whether they are large or well furnished or not, that fact will be taken as evidence that they are not necessary and should not be licensed.

MAKING CROWS USEFUL.—Mr. W. S. Morgan, of Morgan's Mills, Somerset county, utilizes the crow in a way that will astonish some of our readers. His experience is given in the *American Agriculturist* as follows:

"For the past five seasons, I have, just before my corn came up, sowed on the field about a quart of corn to the acre, and repeated the operation as often as necessary, until the corn was so large that they could not pull it up. If the corn is soaked until tender, they prefer picking what they eat from the surface rather than to pull the young plants to get it. The cost of the corn thus sown is but a trifle; as a result I have a great number of crows almost constantly on my field, and after they have been satisfied with the corn, they pick up all the insects, grubs, and cut-worms they find as a dessert. In raising fifty acres of corn since adopting this plan, I have not lost a hundred stalks by the crows and cut worms combined."

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Altoona, April 15, 1881.

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Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - MAY 12, 1882.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Biggest and best line of ginghams and dress goods at Barkers'.

—Paints, lead, oil and varnishes, a good assortment, at Barkers'.

—Have you seen the stock of floor and table oil cloth at Barkers'?

—The roof of the Rivinius building on High street is being newly shingled.

—Hats, new stock, new styles, and new colors, in great variety at Barkers'.

—If your preacher would take PERUNA his hoarseness would soon leave him.

—Ex-Sheriff Baumer, of Johnstown, has gone on a visit to a brother residing in Iowa.

—'Squire Miller, of Wilmore, and 'Squire Gray, of the north end, were both visible in town on Monday.

—Paint brushes, whitewash brushes, and every other kind of brushes, including feather dusters, at Barkers'.

—Our new court house elicited the admiration of everybody from Altoona and elsewhere who visited it on Saturday last.

—A new stock of gum coats, gossamers and umbrellas are among the latest arrivals at C. T. Roberts' variety store.

—Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief? Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1. At James' drug store.

—McDonald, of Loretto, sells full suits of clothing for boys at from $3.50 to $10.00, and men's full suits at $3.50 up to $20.00.

—At present writing there are fifteen persons in our county jail, a couple or three of whom are of the feminine persuasion.

—Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth. At James' drug store.

—Capt. Sam. Davis went to Harrisburg on Tuesday, to act in the capacity of delegate in the Republican State Convention.

—The Johnstown Passenger Railway Company received its charter on Tuesday, and the work of laying the track will soon commence.

—Do not be deceived. Insist on having the genuine Brown's Iron Bitters, made only by the Brown Chemical Co., and take nothing else.

—The Altoona Council has just passed an ordinance requiring all owners of dogs in that city to be muzzled. And that's why we smile.

—A few more of those nobby dress suits for young men just received at Barkers'. You will miss a bargain if you fail to invest in a suit now.

—The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumptive Cure." At James' drug store.

—No less than two thousand men are said to have been discharged from the employ of the P. R. R. Co. between Altoona and Pittsburgh during last week.

—The Golden Eagle Clothing House, Altoona, has just received fifty Grand Army suits, which will be sold at the remarkable low price of $10.50 per suit.

—Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. At James' drug store.

—If you want a nice rug or mat, you can buy it at Barkers', as they have a lot of Moquette and Brussels samples which they are selling for rugs at about one half their real value.

—Several of our exchanges assure us that the small-pox scare has died out in Ebensburg. As there wasn't much of it to die, the hole in the ground required to bury it was exceedingly small.

—V. S. Barker & Bro. have now in store a complete line of carpets at prices lower than ever. They have also something new in the way of carpet lining, filled with cedar, which is a moth preventative.

—The widow and children of John Wentroth, of Carroll township, were admitted to the county almshouse on Thursday last. The husband and father was killed while rafting on Chest creek a few years ago.

—No merchant in Ebensburg or out of it sells better or cheaper dry goods, groceries, hats, caps, boots, shoes, notions, etc., than Dan Owens, who deals strictly on the square and gives buyers full value for their money.

—McDonald, Loretto, sells calico at 5, 6, 7 and 8c. per yard; ginghams at 8 and 10c. per yard; muslins at 6, 8 and 10c. per yard; dress goods at 10, 15, 20 and 25c. per yard, and all other kind of goods at equally low prices.

—Mr. Edward Nightengale and Miss Jennie Biltmire and Mr. Joseph Staub and Miss Sarah Gallagher were bound in the silken ties of matrimony at St. John's (Catholic) church, Johnstown, on Tuesday last, by Rev. Father Corcoran.

—We received a lengthy communication from our friend F. J. P., of Gallitzin, relative to the death of Lieut. S. A. Criste, but as our own account was already in type, and we had no room for more, it has of necessity been omitted.

—We understand that our journalistic friend Mr. G. T. Swank, of the Johnstown Tribune, has quit hard work for the time being and gone on a prolonged tour through the Western States. May a good time and a safe return be his.

—If you should ever be solicited by a stranger to put your name to any kind of a paper, be sure to open it out full length, read it over carefully, fold it up judiciously, return it to him promptly, and tell him to go to—well, say Jericho.

—Our local military company (Co. A, Fifth R. P.) have about concluded to buy a lot of ground from R. L. Johnston, Esq., for a location for their new armory. The lot is located nearly opposite the new Court House, and, if bought, will cost $1,000.

—McDonald, Loretto, is now ready for the spring trade, having just received a full line of dry goods, dress goods, hats, caps boots, shoes, clothing, notions, trimmings, laces, ribbons, etc., as well as a big stock of fresh groceries, all of which will be sold at city prices.

—The highest hopes and interest of the race rest on the purity, health and strength of womanhood. We take pleasure in referring our readers to the remarkable efficacy of Mrs. L. E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for that class of disease from which women suffer so much.

—Henry Powell, of Altoona, who is charged with maltreating his little step-daughter, an account of which will be found in another column, was sent to jail by Mayor Howard on last Wednesday morning, to await trial, because he couldn't find anybody willing to go his bail for $300.

—Mrs. R. E. Jones has just received a large and elegant stock of Spring millinery, and if that ain't talk enough for the ladies we don't know what could be said to induce them to visit her store and feast their eyes on the latest and most approved hats, bonnets, ribbons, laces, trimmings, etc.

—No more convincing evidence of the healthfulness of this locality could be needed than the fact that while contagious diseases occasionally appear in our midst, there have been only two or three epidemics in this vicinity during the last half century, and they were far from widespread.

—Mr. William Book and Miss Lillie Bohn were married in Altoona on last Sunday evening by Rev. A. R. Cronce, and we take it for granted the job was well done, though it is fair to presume the officiating clergyman never found a Book for so Bohn-ny a bride before. A smaller edition of the work will doubtless appear in due time.

—The Golden Eagle Clothing House is the name of the most popular store of the kind in Altoona to-day, and any of our patrons who go there to buy a full suit, or indeed any article in that line, may rest assured that good goods and honest prices will be their reward. Go there and be happy.

—The Golden Eagle they call it, but don't for a moment suppose that golden eagles are required when you want a suit of good clothes, for the house that we speak of would just as soon take greenbacks as gold, hence you'll make no mistake if you go there and buy, for it is a fact all the year round, that nowhere in Altoona can as good bargains in clothing be found.

—R. L. O'Friel, who in Loretto doth dwell, has a stock of new goods he is anxious to sell at the lowest of prices. The stock consists of a great variety of articles, among which may be found ready-mixed paints, all colors, brushes, mineraline oil (non-explosive), and the celebrated Muncy Washing Machine for washing clothes ever invented. Go and see for yourselves.

—To the representatives of Stephen Potts Post, No. —, G. A. R., who attended the funeral of F. P. Tierney, Esq., in this place, on Saturday last, we tender our thanks for a complimentary visit paid us while parading the streets of our town previous to their departure for home. The Mountain City can boast of no better citizens or more courteous gentlemen than are comprized in the organization named.

—We regret to learn that Mr. Thomas ———, a well known and enterprising citizen of Strongstown, Indiana county, is seriously ill, the trouble being a general breaking down of his system. Mr. Cress——— passed through this place on Friday ——— on his way home from Philadelphia, where he had been purchasing goods. He complained of being unwell at the time, but nothing serious was anticipated. We hope for his speedy recovery.

—Capt. George F. Huff, of Greensburg now, but formerly a resident of Ebensburg and Altoona, is favorably spoken of by press and people as an excellent man for Congressman-at-large on the Republican side of the house. While we admire the man in an eminent degree we would rather see him on our side of the political fence.

—A young Hungarian named Pastro Yorkest fell from a car which he was assisting to unload at Hollidaysburg, on Thursday afternoon, and a heavy piece of limestone which he was attempting to throw off fell on his head, crushing it so terribly that he died at the almshouse, whither he was taken for treatment, on last Sunday morning.

—Among the many called hither on Saturday by the funeral obsequies of F. P. Tierney, Esq., there were none whom it afforded us more pleasure to meet and greet than Col. Theo. Burchfield, A. J. Dillon, Pat. Donahoe, John Hickey, the veteran undertaker, and T. J. McKiernan, all of Altoona, and Michael Fitzharris, of Gallitzin. Such worthy gentlemen are always welcome visitors to our town.

—Our townsman Ben Thompsen, on the 3d instant, undertook to go across Grand street in New York city in front of a street passenger car and slipped and fell. He wasn't run over, but a bad sprain of the muscles of the right leg attests the extremity of the endeavor which he made to get out of the way. He returned to Philadelphia a couple of days afterward, and arrived here yesterday afternoon.

—Ex-Sheriff Ryan has a dog that he tho't so little about that he really forgot to have registered as required by a new ordinance passed by Johnstown's borough council, and now he is harrassed with a fine of three dollars, which he is expected to pay because the dogs in that town have all had their day; and of course he'll come down with the requisite loot, and then, it may be, he will shoot the poor brute.

—A large assortment of blanks of all kinds, stationery, books, patent medicines, wall paper, purses, combs, albums, brushes, clocks, watches, jewelry, notions, and toys are among the many articles which can be had at bottom prices at C. T. Roberts' variety store. Also, best qualities of gents', ladies' and children's shoes, and a splendid line of felt and straw hats. Give him a call—he has bargains for all.

—Our young friend, James V. Scanlan, of Carrolltown, who has been doing clerical duty for ex-Sheriff Ryan ever since he opened his new grocery store in Johnstown, has bought an interest in the establishment, and henceforth the firm will be known as Ryan & Scanlan. We congratulate both gentlemen on the deal, and hope they won't forget that the FREEMAN is an excellent medium through which to advertise.

—The killing of Lord Cavendish by assassins at Dublin, Ireland, has recalled to the mind of one of our older inhabitants that an English nobleman of the same name traveled over the turnpike between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh in a stage-coach fifty-odd years ago, stopping at Ebensburg for supper. He left the imprint of his visit to America in a name which will never be forgotten by those who ever chewed "Cavendish" tobacco.

—The chairman of the Executive Committee of the Juniata Valley Printers' Association, otherwise known to the world as Brother Conrad, of the McVeytown *Journal*, has called a meeting of said Committee, to be held in Altoona on Saturday of next week, when the ball will no doubt be set in motion for the fifth annual picnic or excursion of said Association, which will probably take place at the usual time, provided "Barkis is willing"—"Barkis" in this case being the P. R. R. Co.

—Frank Burnes was sent two years to the penitentiary from Blair county last week for larceny, he and Michael Murphy, whose sentence is noted elsewhere, being the only two whose crimes demanded incarceration in that institution. Five others were sentenced to the county jail for various terms, among them being a Hungarian woman named Demaris Noffsker, who forgot she had a husband and married another a few weeks ago, 'Squire Strayer, of Johnstown, performing the ceremony.

—Cambria county has 303 pensioners, Bedford, 327; Blair, 431; Somerset, 333; Indiana, 395; Westmoreland, 478—making a grand total of 2,297 pensioners in the seven counties, who receive an annuity from the general government amounting in all to $242,574, of which Cambria receives $32,408. In this county the annual payment of pensions, including arrearages, is $61,575; in Bedford, $66,493; in Blair, $87,696; in Somerset, $67,693; in Indiana, $80,204; in Westmoreland, $97,379.

—Mr. Bernard McGee, of Barr township, who is running the saw-mill of John Wagner, Esq., in Munster township, succeeded last week in cutting fifty thousand feet of hickory lumber in five days. This is an average of ten thousand feet per day, and is fully double the product of any mill ever before heard from in this county. The work was done with a 46-inch circular saw, and if ever anybody saw a saw of equal dimensions go through hickory timber at the same rate of speed now is the time to sing out.

—Westley W. Kochendorfer, a brakeman on the Middle Division, P. R. R., left his home in Altoona on last Saturday morning in the best of health and spirits, and about 8 o'clock the same evening he was brought back a mutilated corpse, having been run over and killed by the train on which he was employed near Manayunk station, in Mifflin county. The deceased was aged about 37 years and leaves a wife and five children. His remains were taken on Monday to Port Royal, Juniata county, for interment.

—If you want to keep up with the times and keep yourself posted on the prices of cheap and desirable goods, visit the "Sugar Bowl," where you will find nice, pure sugars, coffees, teas, spices, syrups, New Orleans molasses, flavoring extracts, canned goods, dried fruits, hams, bacon, lard, cheese, tobacco, cigars, snuff, bread, rolls, cakes, and many other articles for which you have daily need. No trouble to show goods. Quick sales and small profits is the motto at the "Sugar Bowl." Dip in and you will never regret it.

—Mr. Thomas McClain, an uncle of Mrs. Philip Collins and Miss Kate Noon, formerly of this place, died at his home in Sinking Valley, Blair county, at 12.25 o'clock on last Monday morning, aged about 80 years. Mr. McClain was one of the earliest settlers in that part of the State, and during his long, eventful and laborious life he enjoyed, as he well deserved, the confidence and esteem of everybody who knew him. His death was caused by cancer, with which he had been afflicted for a number of years. May his soul rest in peace.

—The thirteenth annual convention of the Cambria Sabbath School Association will convene at Coopersdale on Thursday, June 8th, and continue in session for two days. The programme embraces devotional exercises, addresses, discussions, Bible class teaching, receiving and reading reports, the election of officers, answering questions, etc., and most if not all the Protestant clergymen and prominent Sabbath school workers in the county will take part in the proceedings. The exercises promises to be more than usually interesting and instructive to all who attend.

—The old and new monastery building of the Benedictine Brothers at Carrolltown is to be lighted with gas generated by what is known as the Royal gas machine, one of which is now at the new Presbyterian church in this place. The contract for putting in the necessary pipe and fixtures, placing the machine in proper position, and doing whatever else is required to make the thing a success, has been awarded to our energetic townsman, Mr. Jesse S. Bolsinger, who will tackle the job and put it through in short order and in a workmanlike manner.

—A sudden and distressing domestic affliction was experienced last week in Altoona by Mrs. Joseph Briner, formerly of that city, but now residing in Shepherdstown, W. Va., who at the time was on a visit to her mother, a Mrs. Ross, of Altoona. Mrs. Briner had her three small children with her, and, on Thursday last, Hiram, four years old, was attacked with croup and died on Saturday morning. Her husband was telegraphed for, but before he arrived still another of her children, a little girl aged two years, also died on Saturday evening, from what the physician pronounced softening of the stomach.

—"The rain it raineth all day long, a sad and melancholy song." In Pittsburgh, when it rains they permit it to go on till it gets time to quit, and we reckon we must perforce follow so eminent an example. But a hundred and some odd hours of rain inside a week is getting almost beyond the limits of endurance. As the accomplished author of a Cambria county publication known as "Editorial Brevities" remarks: "Dry up! Why, the very fish are getting drowned!" Besides, there are lots of our grangers who haven't got their corn planted yet. However, since we come to think of it, it is good weather for the ladies to trot out their new gossamer coats.

—The chain of evidence is slowly but surely closing about James Ward, now on trial at Greensburg for the alleged murder of the Means sisters. Officer J. F. Murray brought to that place on Monday Miss M. B. McCutcheon, the woman who slept with Ward's wife on the night of the outrage, as a witness against Ward. She is the principal witness in the case, and was driven away from the neighborhood of the Wards by threats of violence, since which she has been staying somewhere in Beaver county. Miss McCutcheon fears violence at the hands of Ward's friends even now, and is kept concealed by the officers in charge. Ward's friends have but little hope of acquittal.

—We certainly owe an apology to our esteemed friends of the Newport *Ledger* and Indiana *Democrat* for having failed to notice the fact two weeks ago that the first named journal has been enlarged to the size of the FREEMAN, while the latter has reached the respectable age of twenty-one years. We have no better friends in the business than Brothers Shrom, of the *Ledger*, and Sansom, of the *Democrat*, both of whom deserve what they seem to be enjoying, a better streak of prosperity than usually falls to the lot of country editors. May it be ever thus.

—Sister M. Baptista, of the community of Sisters of Charity, Altoona, died of consumption at the convent in that city on Wednesday afternoon of last week, aged 27 years. Her name in the world was Mary Jane Doran, and she was one of three members of the same family who became nuns. Her widowed mother and eldest sister reside in Altoona, where most of the children were born and reared. She was a model of excellence both in the convent and out of it, and possessed qualities of mind and heart which greatly endeared her to all who knew her, as well in her worldly as in her religious life. The funeral obsequies were conducted by Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuigg. May her soul rest in peace.

—On Thursday of last week, Mr. Thomas A. Beale, better known as "Farmer" Beale, of Altoona, went to where some workmen were digging a trench on Margaret avenue, in that city, for the purpose of giving some directions in relation to the work, and while in a stooping position in the trench, which was ten feet deep, about three tons of clay fell in upon him, covering him to the depth of fully four feet. A number of colored workmen commenced immediately to rescue, if possible, the unfortunate man, and although they were not very long in reaching him, he was found to be dead when taken out. It is supposed that his neck was broken. He was thirty-four years of age and unmarried.

—An application was made to the general government on the 27th of August, 1879, by our present worthy Burgess, Mr. C. T. Roberts, for fifteen headstones to mark the last resting places of the several Union soldiers buried in this vicinity, and lo and behold! the headstones came to hand this week and have been placed in position at the graves of the following named persons: In Catholic cemetery—Capt. James Murray, S. A. Chase, J. M. Edelblute, T. D. Litzinger, J. M. Litzinger and A. J. Litzinger. In Congregational cemetery—Maj. Geo. W. Todd. In Lloyd's cemetery—J. D. Henderson, John O. Evans and Samuel Henry. In Chest Springs cemetery—Geo. W. Brown. In Belsano cemetery—Geo. W. Campbell.

—Our thanks are due to the worthy President and Secretary of the Cumberland Valley Editorial Association, Hon. Alfred Sanderson, of the Shippensburg *Chronicle*, and Aff. H. Addams, Esq., of the Carlisle *Herald*, for an invitation for self and wife, said invitation being also in the nature of a pass over the Northern Central Railroad from Harrisburg and return, to attend the second annual excursion of said Association on Thursday and Friday of this week. Among the points of interest to be visited are the battlefields of the Shenandoah, Harper's Ferry, Martinsburg, W. Va., and several other places, and we only regret that for sad and sufficient reasons, apart from the want of time, ourself and wife have to forego the pleasures of such a trip.

—The several county officials have been doing their level best this week moving their records and things into the new Court House. Prothonotary Gates and Deputy Zahm have a permanent coating of dust an inch thick over and about their persons which has been accumulated in the good work; Register and Recorder Brown has changed the color of his eyes, which were brown, to blue, while as to the three K's—Kennedy, of the Treasuryship; Kinkead of the Sheriff's office, and Davis, Campbell and Hogue, of the Kommissioners' office—they are wrestling with the job of cramming a two-inch docket into a three-inch space, and then tell where to look for it and be sure to find it. But they all and every one of them expect to have things in full working order by the end of the week.

—One of the handsomest tombstones that ever came from the hands of our artistic friend James Wilkinson has just been completed and placed in position at Lloyd cemetery to mark the grave of the recently deceased wife of our townsman, Mr. Richard R. Tibbott. The designs on the stone, which is paneled, are of the most exquisite character, representing a wreath of roses and a neatly executed shield, both of which are in the highest style. Amid the roses are the words "Our Mother," and on the face of the shield is the usual inscription. So elegant indeed is the work as a whole that all who stopped to admire it while on exhibition in front of Mr. Wilkinson's marble manufactory had no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the finest jobs of the kind they had ever seen. Mr. Wilkinson has long since established his reputation as a first class workman, and the tombstone to which we refer only adds another to the many masterpieces of equal and greater merit which his well known skill, industry and good taste have formed and fashioned.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—The following described real estate will be offered at public sale by Sheriff Griffith, at the Court House in this place, on Monday, June 5th, at 1 o'clock, P. M.:

All the right, title and interest of Jordon S. Rager in a farm of 150 acres in Jackson township, on which is erected a log house and log barn. To be sold at the suit of Ferdinand Degraw.

All the right, title and interest of Charles D. Rager in the same described land and buildings. To be sold at the suit of Jonathan Custer.

All the right, title and interest of W. Megahrey in 70 acres of land and a log house and log barn in Munster township. To be sold at the suit of Patrick Bradley.

All the right, title and interest John Lomeraux in 100 acres of land situated partly in Blacklick and partly in Jackson township, with a small log house and a coal bank thereon. To be sold at the suit of John W. Duncan.

All the right, title and interest of Lorenz Stich in a lot of ground and a frame house and board stable in Carrolltown borough. To be sold at the suit of A. A. Barker & Son.

All the right, title and interest of Wm. D. Shinafelt in 40 acres of land and a frame house and frame barn in Cambria township. To be sold at the suit of George H. Roberts.

WHY CONTINUE the use of remedies that only relieve, when Elys' Cream Balm, pleasant of application and a sure cure for Catarrh, Hay Fever and cold in the head, can be had for 50 cents?

Apply into nostrils with little finger.

I HAVE been afflicted with Catarrh for eight years. I found more relief in one bottle of Elys' Cream Balm than in all the remedies I have used.—CHAS. A. CROMWELL, 27 South 6th St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

AFTER a thorough trial of Elys' Cream Balm I am entirely cured of Catarrh, as is also a member of my family. The Balm stopped a roaring in my head which had continued for more than a year.—JAMES E. CROSSON, Sexton at the Tabernacle, Paterson, N. J.

THE EBENSBURG NORMAL INSTITUTE, under the management of Mr. Riddle, principal of our public schools, and Co. Sup't Strayer, opened its session on Monday of this week. Up to present writing seventy students have been enrolled, most of whom are teachers in the county. Each day adds to the list, while quite a number have expressed their intention of entering during the second week of the term. The sessions open at 8 o'clock, A. M., and continue until 12, M., during which time the recitations are completed, the afternoons being devoted to preparation for the following forenoon's work. This is as it should be, as certainly more time should be devoted to preparation than to recitation. It is also preferable to keeping students in warm school-rooms at work during the heated term. All of the students appear much interested in their work, and their earnestness of purpose indicates that the schools of the county shall be decidedly benefited by the existence of the Normal Institute in our midst.

SCIPIO, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1879.—I am the pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of six of Albany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. WARNER.

THE COMING SHOW.—Main's great International Colliseum of Wondrous Performing Gymnasts and Congress of Living Wonders, which is to exhibit here on Monday, May 22d, is thus spoken of by the Conneautville *Courier*, where this fine aggregation exhibited on Wednesday, April 26th:

Main's International Show, spite of the cold, stormy weather, drew good houses at both entertainments in this place on Wednesday. The show doesn't make much outside display, but a better performance and a bigger return for the 25 cents invested isn't furnished by any show that has ever visited here. We have not space at command to refer to the many special features, but commend the show to the public as one in every way worthy of patronage.

RECENT AND NOTABLE DEATHS.

FRANCIS P. TIERNEY, ESQ.

We had only time last week before our paper went to press to make a brief and hurried announcement of the sudden and unexpected death of the well-kown gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article. It seems that at a late hour on Wednesday night of last week the deceased was accompanied to his home in Altoona from near the Twelfth street bridge, in that city, by N. D. Mervine, Esq., a fellow member of the Altoona bar, who, after seeing him inside of the gate, went to his own home. An hour later a young man who knew Mr. T. saw him on the pavement in the neighborhood of his residence, spoke to him, and received a reply. About 5 o'clock the next morning he was found dead, lying on his face on the boardwalk, not far from where he had been seen by the young man referred to. Dr. Findley testified before the inquest held on the body that his death was caused by paralysis of the heart. The deceased, who was 46 years old, was born about three miles northeast of this place, and read law in the office of the late William Kittell, Esq., but before he finished his studies enlisted as a private in the 125th Regiment P. V., for the nine months' service. At the end of his enlistment he resumed his law studies and was admitted to the bar of this county in 1864. In 1868 he was nominated by the Democratic party for the office of District Attorney and was elected. In 1873 he removed to Altoona and there successfully practiced his profession until death so unexpectedly overtook him. He was regarded as an able criminal lawyer, and his services in that capacity were much sought after, the very last case in which he was engaged being that of Michael Murphy, indicted in the Blair county court for murder, whose trial was only concluded on the day previous to the death of the man whose eloquence and tact in all probability saved him (Murphy) from the gallows. Mr. Tierney was a most companionable gentleman, and owing to his impulsive and generous nature had a large circle of warm and devoted friends. His wife and three sons, the eldest being sixteen years old, survive him. His remains were escorted from Altoona to this place by a committee of the Blair county bar, and by a deputation of the Grand Army of the Republic, under the command of Col. Burchfield, of the same city, and after being taken to the Catholic church, where the last sad rites were performed and an impressive sermon delivered by Father Reardon, they were interred in Holy Name cemetery, the firing squad of the Grand Army firing a volley over the grave.

On Saturday evening the members of the Blair county bar held a meeting in Altoona, which was presided over by Judge Dean, who, in a brief address, paid an eloquent and feeling tribute to the deceased and to his professional abilities. Appropriate remarks were also made by Messrs. Neff and Woodcock, and resolutions of regret and sympathy for the widow and children of the deceased were adopted. May his soul rest in peace.

LIEUT. SAMUEL A. CRISTE

died after a brief illness, at his residence in Gallitzin, on Sunday last, aged about 42 years. The deceased was a son of Daniel Criste, Esq., of Summitville. When the civil war broke out, in 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company F, 28th Regiment P. V., and at the close of the struggle had attained the rank of Lieutenant. For several years he conducted the St. Charles Hotel in Altoona and was afterwards engaged in the hotel business at Gallitzin. What his pursuit has been during the last few years we are unable to state. He was greatly esteemed by all who knew him, and his untimely death is deeply regretted. His widow and two children survive him. After the usual religious services his remains were interred with the honors of war in the Catholic cemetery at Tunnelhill, adjoining Gallitzin, on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, and were followed to their last resting-place by an unusually large concourse of relatives and friends. May his soul rest in peace.

MR. EZEKIEL HUGHES,

a former citizen of our town, died at his home in Iowa City, on Thursday of last week, aged, we suppose, about seventy years. The deceased was raised on his father's farm in the immediate vicinity of Ebensburg, and until he removed to Iowa, something like fifteen years ago, was engaged in the mercantile business in this place. He was not only widely known, but enjoyed the respect and confidence of the community, and his death is sincerely regretted by all his old Cambria county friends. When he last visited this place, three or four years ago, he appeared to be in his usual health, but since then consumption intervened and his death became only a question of time. His wife, who was a daughter of the late William Russell, of this county, survives him, as do also several children, the number of whom, however, we are unable to state. Peace to his ashes.

BROTHER CHRISTOPHER TALBOT,

after years of suffering which rendered his life a living death, calmly expired on Wednesday evening of last week at St. Francis' College, Loretto, in which institution he had been a teacher for the past eighteen years. He was a very successful educator, a zealous and exemplary member of the Franciscan order, and a true friend of the students under his charge. His old pupils will not forget him in their prayers and good works, and we hope that their petitions will be sufficient, if anything is yet needed, to secure him that eternal reward which is promised the good and faithful servant. May his soul rest in peace.

MRS. CATHARINE PRYCE,

widow of the late David Pryce, died at her residence on what is known as Pryce's Hill, a short distance southeast of Ebensburg, at 7 o'clock on last Wednesday morning, aged about 66 years. Mrs. Pryce was a sister of Mr. David Evans, merchant, of this place, and was much esteemed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, to whom the news of her death will indeed be mournful tidings. Funeral this (Friday) afternoon at 2 o'clock; interment at Lloyd cemetery.

A LITTLE WANDERER.—On Thursday evening a little boy, apparently about seven years of age, appeared at the residence of Mr. Emanuel Blough, near Hogback tunnel, on the Somerset & Cambria Railroad, and stated that he had been chased away from home by his mother and wanted a place to stay over night. Upon being questioned he stated that his name was Scott Woodring, that his home was in Johnstown, "near the iron bridge," that his father was in the Ebensburg jail for stealing shoes, and that his mother had whipped him (the boy) severely and chased him away from home. Mr. Blough generously provided for the boy's necessities until this afternoon, when he was brought to town. It was Mr. Blough's intention to find the lad's mother, if possible, and endeavor to have her properly care for the boy, but if she declines to receive him he will be turned over to the Poor authorities. Mr. Blough says the boy is bright and smart, and bears on his person evidences of pretty severe handling by somebody. It is presumed that the boy is a son of Scott Woodring, who is now serving a term in the county jail for the larceny of some butter, etc., from a farm house near this city.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

MALTREATING A LITTLE GIRL.—Almost a murder was committed in Altoona on Saturday morning. Henry Powell recently married a divorced woman named McMullen, who had a little daughter for whom Powell, for some reason, conceived a violent hatred. At the breakfast table Saturday this little girl, five years old, whose name is Lizzie McMullen, accidentally fell from a chair. He picked her up from the floor and placed her on the chair in such a manner that she began to cry. In a rage he picked up a chair and struck her a violent blow on the forehead with it. The child swooned on the floor and appeared to be dying. The brutal father immediately fled to the woods. At first it was thought that the child would die, but she has improved somewhat and may recover, though she has sustained a terrible gash two inches long across the forehead. The family live on Loudon's Hill, a suburb of the city. The police were put on the villian's track, and succeeded in capturing him in the woods a few miles from the city about four o'clock. The feeling against him runs high.

CONSUMPTION.

To prevent night sweats, to ease the cough and arrest emaciation and decline, no other form of malt or medicine can possibly equal MALT BITTERS. This original Nutrient and Tonic is rich in strength and nourishment. It tides the patient over the most critical stages of the disease, digests and assimilates food, enriches and purifies the blood. It builds up the system by stimulating into new life the entire process of digestion.

THE Pennsylvania Editorial Association will indulge in its tenth annual excursion during the first week of June, which is about three weeks earlier than usual. The objective points are Washington City and Mt. Vernon. Members in arrears for more than one year will not be invited.

THE BILIOUS,

dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps and history of case for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

GRATEFUL TO INVALIDS.

Floreston Cologne is grateful to invalids, as it is refreshing without the sickening effect of most perfumes.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LORETTO, May 4, 1882.

DEAR FREEMAN—Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuigg, in his usual courtly manner, paid a visit to Loretto this week, and on Wednesday morning received the final vows of Miss Maggie Carney, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Carney, of Cambria township, and Miss Jennie O'Friel, daughter of Francis O'Friel, Esq., of this borough. The ceremony took place in the beautiful chapel of the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, and was witnessed by many of the relatives and friends of the two young ladies, who will henceforth be known as Sister Agatha and Sister Angeline, respectively. None there are who ever entered the religious state with more zeal and devotion than the two young ladies named, and as they were both dutiful daughters and fit models for others of their sex to copy after, being modest, exemplary and always faithful to their religious and worldly duties, there is no doubt but that they have found their vocation and will accomplish a great deal of good for themselves and others in the noble order with which they have just become identified for time and eternity. Three other young ladies whose names I failed to learn made their first vows and were invested with the veil at the same time and place.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop afterwards betook himself to St. Francis' College, where his arrival was an occasion of joy for the Brothers as well as the students, the latter of whom marched in a body from the so-called monotonous study hall to the Bishop's room, where the following address of welcome was read by F. C. Noel and responded to by the good Bishop, who expressed pleasure in meeting once more the merry students of St. Francis. His remarks were touching, effective and replete with fatherly kindness. In conclusion he announced to the boys that they could have a free day, and this, you may be sure, was music to their ears, as a free day was what they most desired. Subjoined is the

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Rt. Rev. Bishop! once more with the encircling sweet month of May has your most welcome presence brought your children before you to offer prayer and thanks to God, individually and collectively, for your escape from the dangers of sea and land in going to and returning from Rome, the Eternal City, wherein the Vicar of Christ, the light of Christianity, should and must again reign supreme. It surely becomes one and all, young and old, professors and students, to share in the general joy which your safe return has awakened, and at this auspicious moment do we invite you and your learned clergy to our forthcoming exhibition, which to us is a matter of more than ordinary interest. By us, Rt. Rev. Bishop, the kindness of your visit will not soon be forgotten. It is truly a treat and a feast—a glad and welcome opportunity, when all the heart fain would say vainly seeks for utterance. For is not your arrival the coming amongst us of one whose happiness is always greatest when surrounded by those whose privilege it is to be your spiritual children, and whose anticipations are brightened by the hope of meriting a continuance of that valued favor in the near and distant future? How natural, then, that we should gather around you here to-day to ask a father's blessing. How natural that all our thoughts this morning should have been absorbed in the anticipated pleasure of seeing you and listening to words of parental encouragement which are destined to brighten our prospects in time and make much more tolerable the difficulties attendant on college life. A joy to the heart and a pleasure ever to be remembered is the opportunity now afforded us to kneel at the feet of our chief pastor, fresh from the presence of the Holy Father and empowered by him to impart to his loving people that apostolic benediction so consoling to the true Catholic heart. Beloved Bishop! your coming in the month of Mary is suggestive of hope and success; that as under her banner the children of the Church, as we believe, must enter the rest of eternity, so under your spiritual guidance, directed by your wise counsels and led on by the good example your many virtues presents, prove faithful to the obligations imposed on us by both natural and divine laws, and by words and works proclaim to an age merging into infidelity that there is no peace or happiness on this side of the grave except within the arms of that one Catholic Church of which you are so distinguished an ornament in this great diocese of Pittsburg.

LEON.

WINTERBURN, April 26, 1882.

DEAR FREEMAN—During a recent visit to Du Bois, Clearfield county, we had the pleasure of meeting with several of our Cambria county friends, prominent among whom was Mr. J. M. Troxell, formerly of White township, who is a man of influence and ability, and one of the staunchest Democrats that can be scared up anywhere. Mr. T. conducted us through the town, and took us to see the most extensive saw-mill we have ever visited, and the largest in Western Pennsylvania, of which Mr. John DuBois, the founder of the town, is the owner. We were also conducted to several well equipped planing mills, foundries and machine shops.

DuBois is located on the low grade division of the Allegheny Railroad, about half way between Red Bank, on the Valley Road, and Driftwood, on the Phila. and Erie Road. It is only eight years old, and yet it contains about 5,000 inhabitants and has six fine churches (Baptist, Methodist, Evangelical, German Reformed, Presbyterian and Catholic), nineteen hotels, four drug stores, and eighty-two other business houses devoted to the sale of dry goods, groceries, hardware, etc. It is undoubtedly one of the liveliest towns in Western Pennsylvania, and before three years will have a population of not less than 10,000 inhabitants.

The Methodist congregation has a very fine camp-meeting ground fenced in, and will commence their annual meeting on the 30th of June, the same day that Guiteau will likely be swung off. This meeting promises to be the largest ever held in this part of the State, as nearly everybody is talking camp-meeting and seems to be greatly interested in its success. We will visit DuBois again at that time and will then give you further particulars as to the place and its people. For the present, however, *au reservoir*.

Yours, &c., D. & D.

Now doth the tidy housewife
Rake grass and leaves about,
Then pile them up and light them
And smoke her neighbors out.

Over the fence is—out! But we need not, just at present, dilate on that subject, nor, indeed, on the subject of raking grass and so forth, the latter of which would naturally bring up thoughts of Maud Muller and the Judge. We are not quite sure about the Judge, but while it is barely possible that Maud wore the daintiest shoe in all the world, next to Cinderella's, we don't believe she got it at S. Blumenthal's, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. There has been, however, a big lot of elegant goods of that kind just opened at Blumenthal's which is now ready for inspection, and if such trim and tidy shoes can be bought as cheap elsewhere we are not aware of the fact.

The ancient highwayman was stout and brave,
And robbed the lonely traveler of his pelf;
The modern highwayman's a sneaking knave,
Who tries to steal the great highway itself.

"Thou shalt not steal!" That is a very excellent moral maxim, and the changes on it have been rung through the ages. But we fail to find anywhere, in the records of the past or the present, an injunction against the stealing of a person away from life's busy cares and indulging in the pleasure of becoming the possessor of a new suit of clothes. Jas. J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, has a splendid stock of Spring wear, to which the attention of the readers of the FREEMAN is earnestly invited. Prices almost at the option of customers, or at least so cheap that no one in the business can surpass them.

ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.—We will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to young men and older persons who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, etc., guaranteeing speedy relief and complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Also for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Liver and Kidney difficulties, Ruptures, and many other diseases. Illustrated pamphlet sent free. Address Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich. [10-28.-1y.]

THE HIGHEST RANK.

Made from harmless materials, and adapted to the needs of fading and falling hair, Parker's Hair Balsam has taken highest rank as a reliable hair restorative.

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY"

for all scrofulous and verulent blood-poisons, is specific. By druggists.

HYMENEAL.

STULL—HAMM.—Married, at Gallitzin, on Thursday, May 4, 1882, by T. J. Stephens, Esq., Mr. John Stull and Miss Sarah E. Hamm, both of Bennington, Blair county.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ASSEMBLY.—JOSEPH McDONALD, of Ebensburg, will be a candidate for nomination, subject to Democratic rules, at the next primary election for Cambria county.

ASSEMBLY.—EDITOR FREEMAN—*Dear Sir:* Please announce the name of A. J. CHRISTY, of Loretto, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the rules of the Democratic party of Cambria county. MANY DEMOCRATS.
Loretto, March 22, 1882.-6t.*

ASSEMBLY.—EDITOR FREEMAN: You are authorized to announce the name of MICHAEL BRACKEN, of Gallitzin Borough, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the approval or rejection of the Democratic voters at the coming primary election. Knowing his fitness and worth, we can earnestly commend Mr. Bracken to the cordial support of every Democrat in Cambria county. MANY CITIZENS.
Gallitzin, March 28, 1882.-t.e.

SHERIFF.—The undersigned will be a candidate for nomination at the approaching Democratic primary election, subject of course to the rules of the party, for the office of Sheriff of Cambria county, and hopes to be deemed worthy of the favorable consideration of his personal and political friends. JOS. F. DURBIN.
Allegheny Twp., April 21, 1882.-te.

CARD.—I hereby place myself before the Democracy of Cambria county for nomination for the office of Sheriff, subject to the rules of the party. JOHN BEHE.
St. Augustine, April 3, 1882.

POOR DIRECTOR.—We are authorized to announce that Charles Flick, of Loretto borough, will be a candidate for Poor House Director at the coming Democratic primary election, the result of which he pledges himself to abide by.

Staves, Heading and Lumber.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR ALL KINDS OF
STAVES, HEADINGS AND LUMBER.
Also, New and Second-handed Barrels. Best of references. Address C. J. GILLESPIE, Duquesne Way, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa. [5-5.-6m.]

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$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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TO BUY AT
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IF YOU WANT ANY OF THE
Honest Goods at Honest Prices
EMBRACED IN THE FOLLOWING LIST:

ALUM,
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AXLE GREASE,
BAKING POWDER,
" SODA,
BEANS,
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BORAX,
BRAID,
BR'KFAST BACON,
BROOMS,
BUTTONS,
CALICOES,
CAMPHOR,
CASTOR OIL,
CARBON OIL,
CARPET TACKS,
CANNED APPLES,
" CORN,
" PEACHES,
" PEARS,
" TOMATOES,
CHEESE,
CHEVIOTS,
CHOCOLATE,
CIGARS,
CINNAMON,
CLOVES,
CLOTHES PINS,
COFFEES,
CORN STARCH,
CORSET JEANS,
COMBS,
CRACKERS,
CREAM TARTER,
CURRANTS,
DRIED APPLES,
" CORN,
" PEACHES,
DRESS LININGS,
EXTRACTS and ESSENCES,
FIGS,
FISH,
" HOOKS,
" LINES,
FLOUR,
FRUITS,
GINGER,
GINGHAMS,
GUN CAPS,
" POWDER,
HAIR PINS,
HAMS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
HOMINY,
HOOKS and EYES,
HOSE,
INDIGO,
INK,
JELLIES (all kind),
LAMP CHIMNEYS,
" WICKS,
" BURNERS,
LAUDANUM,
LEAD PENCILS,
LEMONS,
LINEN CRASH,
MACARONI,
MATCHES,
MOLASSES,
MUSLINS,
MUSTARD,
NAILS,
NEEDLES,
NUTS,
OILS,
ORANGES,
PENS,
PENHOLDERS,
PEPPER,
PINS,
PIPES,
PRUNES,
RAISINS,
RICE,
ROPE HALTERS,
SALT,
SARDINES,
SCISSORS,
SCRUB BRUSHES,
SEW'G MACH'E OIL,
SHIRTINGS,
SHOE LACERS,
SHOT,
SILK TWIST,
" THREAD,
SOAPS,
SPICES,
STARCH,
STOCKINGS,
STOVE POLISH,
SUGARS,
SUSPENDERS,
SWEET OIL,
TEAS,
THREAD,
TUBS,
WASHBOARDS,
WASHING SODA,
WOODEN BUCKETS,
YEAST POWDER,

AND MANY OTHER ARTICLES TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION
NO OLD GOODS OF ANY KIND!
ALL FRESH!—ALL FINE!—ALL CHOICE!—ALL CHEAP!
A Liberal Share of Public Patronage is Respectfully Solicited.

WHEN YOU DO YOUR SPRING SHOPPING

If you come in person,

The trains from the different branches of the Pennsylvania Railroad come to the new Broad Street Station, which is within one block of our store; you walk directly through the new City Hall to our Market Street front. If you come by Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, any horse car on Thirteenth Street will bring you directly from the Callowhill Street Depot to our door. If you come through Camden, N. J., any horse car on Market Street, except the red ones, will bring you direct. We have provided new and spacious reading and toilet rooms for the free use of visitors.

If you order by letter,

Departments of goods have been so enlarged and improved that our stock, unquestionably the most comprehensive in the United States, is better than ever. We send without charge, or any obligation to purchase, samples of the new Dress Goods, Silks, etc. We give prices of our entire stock in our new Catalogue for Spring and Summer, which is mailed free to all who send us address on postal card. Hundreds of orders are filled daily, and goods sent by mail and express to every State and Territory, with full privilege of return and refund of money if they do not suit.

John Wanamaker,
PHILADELPHIA.

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Dry Goods, Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Wear and Housekeeping Appointments.

L. & S. W. DAVIS,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
FARMING IMPLEMENTS,
FERTILIZERS,
MILBURN AND WEBSTER FARM and LUMBER WAGONS,
SPRING WAGONS,
CARRIAGES, TOP AND NO TOP BUGGIES;
WALTER A. WOOD'S
MOWERS AND REAPERS;
HORSE HAY RAKES,
Including the following varities: TIGER, REINDEER, HOLLINGSWORTH and VICTOR;
HAY FORKS, LAWRENCE & CHAPIN'S DIAMOND IRON PLOWS,
And Spring Tooth Harrows;
HAGERSTOWN IMPROVED AND TRIUMPH GRAIN DRILLS,
Or any other machinery farmers may need, from a Steam Thresher to a Shovel Plow, all from first class manufactories and warranted to be exactly as represented.
EBENSBURG, MAY 12, 1882.-tf. L. & S. W. DAVIS.

$12,000 WORTH
OF THE CELEBRATED
ROCHESTER CLOTHING!
WHICH DEFIES COMPETITION IN
QUALITY, MAKE AND PRICE,
HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED AT THE
Golden Eagle Clothing House,
1301 ELEVENTH AVENUE, ALTOONA, PA.

ALSO, A LARGE AND ELEGANT STOCK OF
HATS, CAPS, and GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
SAMUEL MARCH, Proprietor.
ALTOONA, PA., APRIL 21, 1882.-tf.

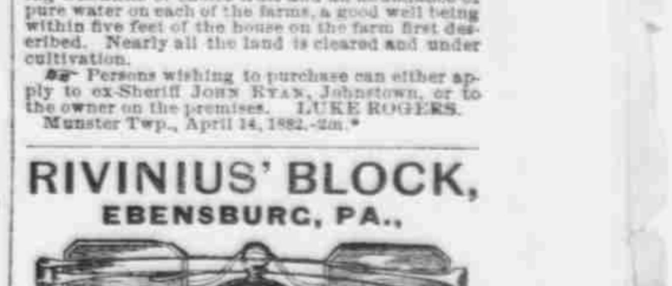
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The New York
WEEKLY WORLD.
New Presses, New Type, New Building, New Appliances, and New Life in Every Department.
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50 Cents for Six Months.
A COMPLETE FAMILY PAPER.
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Should read its special MASONIC DEPARTMENT edited by one of the most renowned Free Masons, with contributions from the pens of Distinguished Masons.
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Is the only leading newspaper in the country that has a special department devoted to Masonic interests.
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UNEQUALLED OFFER to CLUB AGENTS.
SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.
THE NEW YORK WORLD,
World Building,
May 12, 1882.-6t. NEW YORK.

R. L. Johnston, M. J. Buck,
F. A. Shoemaker, A. W. Buck.
JOHNSTON,
SHOEMAKER & BUCK,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Money Received on Deposit
PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON TIME DEPOSITS.
COLLECTIONS MADE
AT ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.
DRAFTS on the Principal Cities
Bought and Sold, and a
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS
TRANSACTED.
Accounts Solicited.
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.
Ebensburg, March 19, 1880.-tf.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.
STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.
PROTECTION MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY
OF EBENSBURG, PA.
Premium Notes now in force - $136,000.
Only Six Assessments in 24 Years.
Good FARM PROPERTIES
ESPECIALLY DESIRED.
NO STEAM RISKS TAKEN.
GEO. M. READE, President.
T. W. DICK, Secretary.
Ebensburg, Jan. 21, 1881.-1y.

TWO FARMS AT PRIVATE SALE.
THE undersigned offers for sale at very moderate prices and on easy payments the following described real estate, situate in Munster township, Cambria county, to wit:
FARM NO. 1, CONTAINING 55 ACRES, more or less, in a good state of cultivation, with a hewed LOG HOUSE, a good FRAME BARN and the necessary outbuildings thereon erected.
FARM NO. 2, CONTAINING 66 ACRES, more or less, is also in an excellent state of cultivation and has thereon erected a substantial STONE HOUSE and the usual outbuildings.
THE TWO FARMS
above described are located close to the Turnpike, within one-half mile of the village of Munster, on the E. & C. R. R., three and a-half miles from Cresson Station, P. R. R., and not much more than that distance from Ebensburg. There is a thriving ORCHARD of choice fruit and an abundance of pure water on each of the farms, a good well being within five feet of the house on the farm first described. Nearly all the land is cleared and under cultivation.
Persons wishing to purchase can either apply to ex-Sheriff JOHN RYAN, Johnstown, or to the owner on the premises. LUKE ROGERS.
Munster Twp., April 14, 1882.-2m.*

RIVINIUS' BLOCK,
EBENSBURG, PA.,



CARL RIVINIUS,
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler
HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.
Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

WILLIAM A. GITTINGS,
—DEALER IN—
PIANOS and ORGANS!
OF THE VERY BEST MAKES.
High Street, - - Ebensburg, Pa.
Repairing and tuning of instruments promptly and satisfactorily attended to, and instructions in vocal and instrumental music given at reasonable rates. Pianos and Organs sold to reliable parties on monthly or other payments when desired. Call and see. [1-20,'82.-tf.]

T. MASON RICHARDS,
Surgeon Dentist
Ebensburg, Pa.
DENTAL WORK, either operative or mechanical, filling teeth, and all other work pertaining to my profession, will be executed at moderate rates and in a satisfactory manner. Your patronage is respectfully solicited.
Rooms on High street, nearly opposite the Blair House. [3-24,'82.-tf.]

ATTENTION, EVERYBODY!
J. G. LLOYD,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
COAL, COKE AND LIME.
EBENSBURG, PA.
LAND LIME A SPECIALTY. [1-13.-tf.]

M. E. BUCKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ALTOONA, PA.
Office over the First National Bank. Entrance on Twelfth street, above Eleventh avenue. Altoona, April 28, 1882.-tf.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office on Centre street.

CURIOUS PATENTS.

Some investigating person has furnished the New York *Times* with a brief list of patents on small things—such as any man or boy might have thought of, but didn't, and which in many instances have proved mines of wealth to the discoverer. For, inasmuch as so many minds might have hit upon these things, they ought properly to be called discoveries instead of inventions, and are the outcome of luck or chance, or whatever one may choose to call that arrangement of circumstances which is not the result of much forethought or logical process. The steam engine, the steamship, the locomotive, the telegraph, the reaping-machine, the power-loom, the sewing machine, the telephone, the cotton-gin, the telescope and scores of similar machines and instruments are truly inventions. They require a logical and philosophical combination of laws and principles. But there are hundreds of smaller things, chiefly petty conveniences and contrivances for domestic use, or amusing or entertaining toys, which are more in the nature of discoveries. These last have been only found—the others were found out.

Among these trifles is the favorite toy—the "return ball"—a wooden ball with an elastic string attached, selling for the sum of ten cents each, but yielding to its patentee an income equal to fair returns on a capital of $590,000. The rubber tip on the end of led pencils affords the owner of the royalty an independent fortune. The inventor of the gummed newspaper wrapper is also a rich man. The gimlet-pointed screw has evolved more wealth than most silver mines, and the man who first thought of putting copper-tips to children's shoes is as well off as if his father had left him $2,000,000 in United States bonds. Although roller skates are not so much used in countries where ice is abundant, in South America, especially in Brazil, they are very highly esteemed and have yielded over $1,000,000 to their inventor. But he had to spend 125,000 in England alone fighting infringements. The 'dancing Jim Crow,' a toy, provides an annual income of $30,000 to its inventor, and the common needle threader is now worth $10,000 to the man that thought of it. The "drive well" is an idea of Colonel Green, whose troops during the war were in want of water. He conceived the notion of driving a two-inch tube into the ground until water was reached and then attaching a pump. This simple contrivance was patented after the war, and the tens of thousands of farmers who have adopted it, have been obliged to pay him a royalty, a moderate estimate of which is placed at $2,000,000. The spring window shade yields an income equal to an investment of $1,00,000; the stylographic pen, with which this article is written, also $1,000 000; the marking pen for shading in different colors, $100,000; rubber stamps the same. A large fortune has been reaped by a Western miner, who, ten years ago, invented a metal rivet or eyelet at each end of the mouth of breeches or coat pockets to resist the strain caused by the carriage of pieces of ore or heavy tools. Fortunes have been made out of the dead as well as the living. The torpedo grave, which will explode when body-snatchers meddle with it, is one bonanza; another odd, but probably not lucrative one, is an open tube, running from the ground to the coffin-lid, just over the face of the corpse. If the person is in a trance or has been been buried alive, he draws himself up through the hole and returns to the surface by means of a rope ladder in the tube. If he prefers, however, to send for assistance, he pulls a rope which rings a bell near the top of the tube. After lying there long enough to assure his friends that he has no intention of coming back the tube is pulled up, drawing as it comes a glass plate over the inmate of the coffin.

Every time a woman pricks the shell of an egg preparatory to boiling it, she violates a patent-right, this having been secured by some genius who discovered that it would prevent their breaking during the process of boiling. It having been said that chickens hatched by artificial heat do not thrive as well as others because they miss the maternal affection expressed in the 'cluck, cluck,' of the natural hen, an inventor has taken out a patent that imitates the sound, soothing and charming the tender-hearted, but bereaved offspring with its artificial croon and consoling the young orphan with its mechanical solicitude. This is based evidently upon another patent for babies of a machine operated by clock-work and producing a low and melancholy murmur which no child, however wakeful, can successfully resist, but to which it succumbs in profound slumber. There is also the false bottomed nest, which deludes the hen into the belief that she has not laid an egg, and combined with her will own conscientious devotion to duty, persuades her to a continuance of her work until she is exhausted or undeceived. A patent hen-roost, closes the doors of a bee-hive at night and opens them in the morning, protecting the hive against the ravages of the bee-moth. A wire frame strung above horse's heads is also patented. It is meant to persuade the animal that it is the top of a fence too high for him to overleap. This, of course, presumes that the horse is an ass.

A DURABLE WHITEWASH.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* writes to that journal:

In regard to the query of C. B. C., in relation to whitewashing, I believe I have tried every known wash. The so-called White House wash is no better than any ordinary white wash. No brick wall that ever is intended to be painted should be white washed. All washes absorb water, and in damp weather lose their color.

The best wash that I ever heard of is made as follows—for one barrel of color wash: Half a bushel white lime; three pecks hydraulic cement, ten pounds umber; ten pounds ochre, one pound Venetian red, quarter-pound lamp-black. Slack the lime; cut the lamp-black with vinegar; mix well together; add the cement, and fill the barrel with water. Let it stand twelve hours before using, and stir frequently while putting it on.

This is not white, but a light stony color, without the unpleasant glare of white. The color may be changed by adding more or less of the colors named, or other colors. This wash covers well, needing only one coat, and is superior to anything known, excepting oil paint. I have known a rough board barn washed with this to look well for five years, and even longer, without renewing. The cement hardens, but on a rough surface will not harden.

AN exchange says that rather a curious phenomenon is presenting itself on the growing wheat this season. In some localities the letter M is plainly discernible on the leaf just where it forms the bend or circle at the point most exposed to the rays of the sun. Considerable conjecture and speculation as to the cause, significance or meaning is manifested. Can some scientists explain?

LIME slacked with a solution of salt in water, and then properly thinned with skim-milk, from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for out door work, and it is said, renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving shingles and for all farm buildings.

IT is astonishing how many people hawk up and spit out Catarrhal corruptions when there is so little need of it, as PERUNA cures it.

TREASURER'S SALE

—OF—

UNSEATED Lands and Lots

—IN—

Cambria County.

A. D. 1882.

I, JOHN A. KENNEDY, Treasurer of Cambria County, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in pursuance of the several Acts of Assembly in said Commonwealth directing the time and manner of selling Unseated Lands for Taxes, do hereby give notice that the following described tracts of Unseated Lands and Lots of Ground in the said County of Cambria, or such parts thereof as may be necessary to pay arrearages of taxes due thereon for one year or more, will be offered for sale at the Court House in the Borough of Ebensburg, on the SECOND MONDAY, being the **12th day of June next**, and continue by adjournment from day to day until the whole be sold for such arrearages of taxes and costs necessarily accruing thereon.

Unseated Lands.—1880-1.

NAMES OF OWNERS OR WARRANTEES.

Acres.	P'r's.	Name	Am't.
		Adams Township.	
440		John Anderson	$ 56.74
439		John Morrison	56.65
440		Valentine Oster	56.74
160		Martin McDonald	20.64
400		Martin McDonald	51.60
401		Jacob Clement	51.72
259		John Williams (Smith) "Capp"	33.42
245	54	John Reilly	31.81
81		Thomas Smith (part)	10.44
189		Ebenezer Brenhous	24.38
400		H. C. Neal	51.60
401		Henry Barrington	19.50
200		Wm. H. Anthony	9.60
400		—— O'Neil	51.60
158		Seymore & Wertz	20.40
1000		James Sawyer	129.00
		Barr Township.	
108		Thomas Edwards (part)	10.80
40		George Harrison	4.32
100	105	Thomas Duncan	10.80
205	105	James Town	21.60
83		William Brady	22.32
203		William McCoy	21.60
140		E. Shoemaker	10.08
77		Fred. and George Snyder	12.60
14		Owen D. Williams	1.44
		Blacklick Township.	
45		Henry Sheffner	5.76
25		Simon Snyder	3.20
35		John McCawley	4.81
100		George Slough	13.11
50		John Ross	6.40
84		William Lyon	11.19
85		John Graff	11.52
40		Flavel Brown	5.12
80		Adam Reigbard	10.24
162		Sebastian Graff	14.39
100		John Jones	3.20
300		Jacob Pressinger	39.99
335		Paul Lebo	43.19
137		Daniel Leavy	17.59
37		Henry Campbell	1.92
59		Gabriel Boring (Snyder)	3.20
100		Daniel and John Davis	3.20
97		John Davis	6.19
100		George Rex	6.40
434		George Rex	83.83
343		Emanuel Brallier	43.91
		Carroll Township.	
25	80	John Hoops	2.17
108		James Hoops	9.40
19		Joseph Eckenrode, jr	1.42
		Cambria Township.	
16		Andrew Lewis	2.18
50		William Linton	5.45
100		Reese J. Lloyd	16.00
174		John Morgan	19.05
106		John J. Evans & Co	17.33
132		R. H. Tudor	8.94
		Chest Township.	
300		William Parker	74.40
452	44	Anthony Simons	84.07
452	44	Nathan Laughborough	84.07
321	52	Thomas Ketland	30.80
201	65	Thomas Masters	31.12
147	28	John Ketland	13.60
366	64	Charles Pope	22.70
225	68	George Pole	13.95
332	37	Joseph Pope	41.17
212	44	Samuel Ruth	39.43
169		George Gilson	10.48
111		Henry Seely	6.88
84		Samuel Peters	5.10
320		Hugh Hoops	39.68
392	103	John Pope	23.68
92	13	James Hoops	17.11
160		George Hoops	9.92
124	121	Nathan Foster	15.38
137	129	Henry Foster	16.50
50		James Foster	3.10
80		John Olden	4.96
40	131	John Deinker	2.48
389		William Gray	48.24
434		Joseph Gray	53.70
300		James Hunter	37.20
100		James Foster and George Gilson	6.20
405	106	James Ruth	50.22
127		William Parker	23.62
135	134	Henry Phillips	25.11
156	137	Simon Walker	20.02
400		Robert Ewing	49.60
400		G. Beckman	24.80
		Clearfield Township.	
33		Samuel Calvin	38.60
14		Riley & Sargent	2.20
100		A. & P. Flynn	23.40
265		James E. McGough	25.82
265		A. B. Shaw & Co	25.81
3		Albert Ivory	72
2	120	Joseph Hogue	95
400		Blair & Bell	62.40
		Conemaugh Township.	
77		James Burk	23.10
300	126	Richard Smith	26.00
100		David Nevin	36.00
38		Cooper Improvements	9.00
		Croyle Township.	
11	99	Samuel S. Paul	3.30
7		P. M. & J. Brown	1.99
54		P. M. & J. Brown	4.61
72		Isaac Paul	9.49
18		John Lovett	1.99
30		John M. Skelly	5.94
30		Joseph Skelly	5.94
		George Heater, one lot	33
		C. B. Ellis, one lot, No. 3	66
		C. B. Ellis, one lot, No. 4	66
		Dean Township.	
200		Bell & Blair	46.40
40		John Mease	4.64
434		John Fisher	37.87
433		John Harrison	37.67
200		John Brotherline	17.40
400		Thomas Patterson	69.60
30		Felix McGuire	5.80
71		L. A. Poffenberger	16.67
168		Morris Wolf	12.18
330		Henry Wolf	28.71
110		Joseph Davis	9.77
410		Morris Davis	35.67
400		Henry Davis	34.80
235		William Barton	54.04
233		Ezekiel Farmer	20.30
116		William Tilton	10.88
100		William Brodie	8.70
330		Jesse Bush	28.71
233		Lewis Wolf	54.11
400		Andrew Grayson	34.80
400		Morris White	34.80
400		Henry White	34.80
100		James Bryson	17.48
10		Joseph Segain	90
		Elder Township.	
123		James Foster and Geo. Gilson	20.40
150		John Hoops	25.80
50		George Hoops	5.60
25		Charles Pope	2.80
50		Henry Foster	5.60
50		Samuel Peters	6.00
125		James Hoops	30.00
200		Andrew Weaver	30.00
40		John Olden	4.80
35	48	Peter Bordman	3.92
		Gallitzin Township.	
48		John T. Christy, M. D.	12.78
150		Aaron Bowen	57.76
220		Millin Hanan	83.69
73		Mary Hanan	17.10
50		Nicholas Bell	20.60
62		William Christy (mineral)	16.12
143	123	John Gray	108.68
		Jackson Township.	
100		John Cunningham	16.00
305	105	Thomas Morris	48.76
194		Robert Morris	31.04
100		John White	16.00
92		Paul Boltz	14.72
300		Matthias Slough	48.00
46		Thomas White	7.36
23		Daniel Geughnour	3.93
208		Isaac Bonser	39.94
184	39	Jasper Ewing	35.32
89		James Reese	17.08
59		David M. Pringle	7.56
50		Wm. H. Sechler	8.00
		Lower Yoder Township.	
30		Henry Brown	2.79
270		Ihmsen heirs	24.18
100		James P. McConaughy	9.30
		Portage Township.	
4461		Arent Sonman	598.77
200		Fred. Hinton	28.80
200		Samuel Hinton	28.80
439		George Gutwald	14.40
130		H. & C. Zeller	18.72
90		Wm. T. McConnell	12.96
70		A. & F. P. McConnell	4.62
		Reade Township.	
434		Robert Atkins	94.90
40		P. & A. Flynn	11.68
200	7	P. & A. Flynn	58.40
433		Patrick Borland	221.26
140		John Barron, jr	71.54
217		Henry Phillips	94.59
434		Simon Walker	221.26
174	108	Thomas Sanbourn	88.92
434	8	Martin Bush	158.04
434	8	Morris Such	158.04
415		Morris Bush	151.47
159		Henry Bush	58.03
100		Joseph Borland	36.50
70		Henry Such	25.55
300		Thomas Canby	85.07
221	19	John Craig	48.36
100		David Jackson	36.50
100		Henry Kepple	36.50
200		William Barton	43.80
12		A. H. Fiske & Co	5.25
25		John Brown	9.12
63		John Brown & Wm. Spade, part	32.09
100		W. H. Woods	36.50
67		George M. Reade	24.45
400		James E. Davis	87.60
200		John Bell	43.80
1040		Curry & Jones, assignees	151.84
100		Martin Tighe	20.78
		Summerhill Township.	
439	80	Jacob Nagle	65.83
439	80	Henry Woods	65.83
439	80	James Dalton	65.83
439	80	James Scarlight	65.83
370	40	Israel Jones	55.60
100		Wilson Hunt	15.00
93		Ebenezer Branham	13.95
16	40	John Hammond	2.38
		Susquehanna Township.	
37		William Cook	2.46
132		Peter Blight	6.60
144	118	William Campton	7.14
242		James Thompson	31.92
150		Joseph Thomas	99.00
146		S. W. Fisher	7.83
481		Alexander Henderson	63.84
		Stonycreek Township.	
7		Lewis Plitt	1.85
		Taylor Township.	
30		Henry Sargent	3.48
50		Anthony Preston	7.25
		Upper Yoder Township.	
400		John Taylor	40.80
212		George Cable	21.63
400		John Brown	22.20
		Washington Township.	
81		Thomas Jackson	16.52
100		Philip Collins	68.00
100		Henry Gillen	61.20
400		J. R. McFarlane	54.40
400		Richard Constantine	54.40
252		Simon Roop	34.00
200		Wm. H. Sechler	13.60
90		Geo. and Alex. Buchanan	24.48
50		S. H. Lemon	6.80
50		Sophia Hurd	6.80
		White Township.	
302		Simon Walker	73.24
400		Henry Phillips	155.20
183		James Wilson	71.00
201		Frederick Moleneaux	56.45
114	91	Frederick Moleneaux	27.64
456		Thomas Sanbourn	333.08
170	93	Simon Walker	82.45
384	106	Henry Phillips	186.73
500		Calvin & Ranstead	970.00
250		Curry & Jones, assignees	56.38
10		Matthew Cowan	2.43
118		Langbein & Thomas	34.32
75		John Stabler, sr	5.15
65		William M. Lloyd	31.58

SEATED LANDS.—1879-80.

Acres.	Name	Am't.
	Adams Township.	
56	John C. Emigh	1.05
1200	Cambria Coal and Iron Co	122.31
60	Adam Varner	1.80
15	Joseph Bomgardner	32
	Allegheny Township.	
20	Peter Mullen	1.26
	Barr Township.	
50	Isaiah Bonner	3.81
100	H. J. Boland	10.46
40	Robert Glan	1.68
33	John McGee	2.52
25	Jacob L. Keith	2.11
30	Bernard Donahoe	52
49	Archie Farrell	1.13
30	Joseph Gardner	1.47
32	Michael Sheets	63
25	J. A. Trout	1.19
30	S. A. Douglass	56
7	Henry Zorn	51
	Lawrence Smith, 1 house, 2 lots	56
	Blacklick Township.	
100	John Coonsleman	2.10
60	Richard Tudor	3.40
10	Benjamin Gilpatrick	30
99	Harrison Overdorff	10.15
100	Stoneback & Martin	3.15
25	Alexander McAdams	85
	Silas J. Wareham, 1 house, 2 lots	1.20
	Cambria Township.	
8½	R. Jones, tanner	62
400	Gilbert L. Lloyd	46.20
50	J. Moore estate	28.20
25	Jacob and George Schrift	94
7	Samuel Vaughn	2.07
145	John Wentrode	21.80
150	R. Wolf & Rackle	4.72
114	Alexander Moore	6.34
101	P. Noon estate	16.05
51	Rees J. Lloyd	3.63
50	Silas Cassidy	4.05
5	James H. Davis	2.80
3	Thomas B. Hutchinson	1.80
1	William P. Jones	52
2½	John Wherley	51
	Carroll Township.	
73	Nicholas Alles	1.05
18	Rev. M. Domenec	63
81	John Nisel	8.15
50	Peter Bertram estate	2.10
	Chest Township.	
219	John and Henry Mellon	21.52
100	John Hipsch	4.20
508	B. J. Sawyer & Co	14.42
	Chest Springs Borough.	
	John Barnicle, house and lot	42
	Samuel Kemp, house and lot	225
	Clearfield Township.	
1	Valentine Beers	1.32
6	Samuel Kelly	19
83	Daniel Litzinger estate	5.12
2¾	Robert White estate	21
25	F. McConnell, jr	9.79
10	William McGuire	66
65	Peter Delozier	3.75
15	Luke A. Delozier	2.66
41	Reed & Tudor	9.12
600	Allegheny and Indiana Run Oil, Coal and Lumber Co	197.00
94	A. J. Durbin	1.15
14	Paul Strittmatter	74
109	F. M. Flanagan	3.56
	Conemaugh Township.	
	Improvements Lewis Baumer	2.52
5	Michael Downey	86
6	L. B. Cohick	1.23
	Isaac Haws, house and lot	79
	Conemaugh Borough.	
	Henry Schnable, 1st ward, 1 lot	52
	Thos. Slick, 1st w'd, house, ½ lot	86
	Croyle Township.	
150	Cambria Coal and Iron Co	28.79
232	Findley & Brother	17.44
248	John Riley	20.42
18	Philip Dively estate	98
34	Daniel Findley	3.79
100	Isaac Sills	10.75
	William Hutzel, one lot	1.00
	Philip Croyle, house and lot	86
	Jacob Pringle, one lot	43
	Jacob Van Eken, house and lot	1.05
	Jas. Burnhamer, house and lot	78
	Hugh O'Skelly, one lot	21
	Wm. Layton, one house and lot	2.05
	John W. Smith, two lots	1.44
	Dean Township.	
433	Samuel Calvin	53.91
69	A. L. Holliday	17.78
215	Louther & Lloyd	6.45
60	James Condrin	1.20
	Elder Township.	
25	J. & H. Mellon	1.65
	East Conemaugh Borough.	
	S. H. Bennett, one lot	1.58
	Joseph Cobaugh, one lot	1.05
	Patrick Kenny, ½ lot, ½ house	3.02
	Ebensburg Borough.	
28	Johnston Moore estate, E. ward	24.85
5	Rees J. Lloyd, West ward	5.23
9	Johnston Moore estate, W. ward	8.87
	Martha Evans, 1 house, ½ lot	11.35
	Reese J. Lloyd, 10 lots, W. ward	4.56
	Johnston Moore est'te, one house and lot, West ward	10.65
	Rees J. Lloyd, 4 lots, West ward	4.40
	H. W. & J. M. Wetherill, house and lot, West ward	3.60
	Gallitzin Township.	
400	Thomas Gorman	129.65
60	Adam Mooney estate	1.89
100	John A. McGuire estate	8.40
365	J. T. Christy	31.18
55	R. W. Davis	5.83
	Gallitzin Borough.	
2	Oatman & Gwin	4.40
	Mrs. M. J. Driskell, two lots	1.17
	Jackson Township.	
50	Samuel Burkhart	1.05
52	David Constable	2.45
212	John Eger	26.46
53	Edwin Leidy	2.19
50	Joseph Shoemaker	1.21
50	Joseph Walker	8.17
50	Nathaniel Wales	1.05
3	John A. Rager	52
186	Philip Pringle	10.32
261	John Wentrode	34.40
100	Daniel Rager estate	9.22
150	Evan M. Davis	4.50
	John Ross, house and lot	50
	Johnstown Borough.	
	Ed. J. Meldron, 2 lots, 1st ward	4.20
	Sam'l Smayle, ½ house, ½ lot, 1 w.	3.67
	Edward Horner, 10 lots, 4th ward	10.87
	Catharine Horner, 2 lots, 4th "	1.52
	Blackburn Hughes, 1 lot, 4th "	52
	Henry Treece, house, lot, 6th "	1.32
	Jacob Fromer, house, lot, 6th "	1.47
	John A. Hill, one lot, 6th ward	52
	Jas. McKeever, one lot, 6th ward	6.73
	Charles Murray, one lot, 6th "	42
	Henry Michaels, one lot, 6th "	65
	Conrad Smith, one lot, 6th ward	63
	David Beard, one lot, 6th ward	42
	Millville Borough.	
	C. B. Ellis, one lot	3.00
	Munster Township.	
100	Samuel Calvin	21.35
100	John C. Noel	21.14
25	Alice Riffel	3.81
93	William Howell	4.30
15	Ellen Sweeny	1.11
93	Rees Roberts	3.72
	Prospect Borough.	
1	Bernard McGuire, house and lot	3.56
	Russell Bowen, one lot	80
	Anthony Cameron, one lot	32
	Patrick Commons, one lot	42
	Sarah A. Green, house and lot	26
	Portage Township.	
171	John and Joseph Burk	18.80
300	Henry Harker	44.95
100	Joseph Helsel	17.42
137	Rosanna McEnroe	20.60
2	John McCullough	7.05
130	John C. Smay estate	16.98
50	William Tiley estate	9.19
52	Elizabeth Ritchiston	1.95
5	S. H. Smith & Co	45
60	Francis McConnell	4.35
49	Edward McGlade	1.36
4	Levi Ream, two lots	4.12
	C. C. George, house and lot	65
	Christ. Hager, house and lot	1.15
	Cath. J. Bertnett, house and lot	1.30
	Isaac Shaffer, house and lot	2.95
	Richland Township.	
	Patrick Dorsey, one lot	21
	Reade Township.	
100	John Clark, sr	13.37
100	David Thompson	10.25
153	Gwin, Curry & Jones	12.54
94	Curry & Jones, assignees	7.70
38	Curry & Jones, assignees	3.12
82	Curry & Jones, assignees	6.75
18	Curry & Jones, assignees	1.48
575	Ephraim Burket	14.00
418	Blair S. S. & A. Packer	34.27
52	Blair S. S. & A. Packer	4.27
102	Blair S. S. & A. Packer	8.37
113	Blair S. S. & A. Packer	9.27
162	Blair S. S. & A. Packer	13.28
433	Blair S. S. & A. Packer	35.51
433	Blair S. S. & A. Packer	35.51
95	Bell & Gwin	7.79
9	Bell & Gwin	63
20	Hollen Conter	2.00
	Stonycreek Township.	
2	John Emerling	52
16	Jonathan Griffith	1.57
	B. F. Slick, house and lot	3.63
	Fred. Ream, one lot	42
	Summerhill Township.	
10	Cambria Iron Company	2.70
639	Philip Collins	18.83
372	Philip Collins	14.29
83	Philip Collins	2.15
184	Philip Collins	7.00
584	Mears, White & Co	33.44
264	Mears, White & Co	20.32
100	Mears, White & Co	7.70
220	Mears, White & Co	16.94
220	William P. Schell	22.94
144	John Egan	27.85
100	John Rider estate	4.79
15	John Skelly, sr., estate	2.11
40	Fred. Crosser	2.10
59	Patrick Mullen	4.95
79	Erwine Peth	46
398	John Riley	30.65
29	Mrs. Mary Evans	78
	Susquehanna Township.	
6	A. Bartlebaugh	62
35	William Pyatt estate	75
60	Simon Schroth	3.07
93	Tonkin & Lloyd	5.63
15	William Ruggles	2.75
55	John Lantry	57
26	Lewis Russel estate	54
3	Joseph Stiffler	31
	Taylor Township.	
2¼	Michael Flaherty	2.37
	Joseph Freidhoff, one lot	4.20
	James H. Wilson, one lot	52
	Tunnelhill Borough.	
1¾	John McHugh	63
2	John Galligan	73
50	James McCloskey	13.12
	Jane McCullaugh estate, one lot	79
	Washington Township.	
11	Thomas Burns	1.64
45	Augustine Durbin	2.68
40	John Farren, of Dan	3.12
21	C. B. Kennedy estate	74
225	R. M. Lemon estate	14.70
161	Peter Moyer	23.48
30	Mentzer & Leib	16.88
200	Michael McGonigle	32.55
40	Evan E. Evans	7.31
50	P. P. George	1.80
25	James M. Bradley	2.81
117	William Tiley	20.85
1¾	Mary C. Williams	1.60
30	Morrow & Gardner	1.95
200	Peter Dunn	5.10
123	William Donahoe	2.82
10	Paul McKenna	90
1¾	Paul McKenna	30
1	Philip George, house and lot	3.90
	F P Myers, one lot	60
	John McQuillan, one lot	1.29
	Samuel Lee, house and lot	2.32
	Wm McCloskey, house and lot	2.10
	Adam Morer, house and lot	2.07
	Lazarus Reigle, house and lot	4.25
	James McMahan, house and lot	1.12
	Jane Sweeny, house and lot	1.45
	White Township.	
383	Bishop Tract	29.92
418	B F Bell	19.43
52	B F Bell (W Scott)	1.21
102	B F Bell (L Beers)	2.37
113	B F Bell (John Hollen)	2.63
162	B F Bell (E Shoemaker)	10.85
433	B F Bell (J Hollen)	9.30
433	B F Bell (J Hollen)	9.30
153	Bell & Gwin (J E Gwin)	3.54
95	Bell & Gwin (B F Bell)	2.13
50	Wilson Gallagher	9.37
3	Alexander C Gray	79
218	Wm M Lloyd	14.16
124	James E McGough	6.80
60	A Ream	5.77
55	Henry Shomo	1.43
100	David Thompson	10.48
50	Wallace & Krebs	[illegible]
60	George M Reade	[illegible]
94	B F Bell (John Baldwin)	1.59
38	B F Bell (William Spade)	57
18	B F Bell (John Brown)	18
	John Downing, house and lot	8.21
	Wilmore Borough.	
1	Joseph Kiel	10
	Joseph Kiel, house and three lots	3.15
	John Seaman, two lots	52
	Woodvale Borough.	
	August Keifline, one lot	1.97
	Yoder Township.	
200	Beam & Potts	6.15
10	A J Haws	11.27
21	M Mulvehill	12.77
50	David Allen	4.00
30	Adam Kauffman	2.56
1	David H Richards, jr	4.61
6	Sylvester Garrity	4.90
80	John E Smith	2.10
5	John Sutton	76
1	Baltzer & Co	1.00
	John O'Conner, house and lot	52
	William Manan, one lot	6.97
	Charles Brede, one lot	1.05
	George Davis, one lot	1.05
	Pennel Eldridge, one lot	2.80
	Joseph Jenkins, one lot	1.05
	J A Kennedy, one lot	52
	John White, one lot	1.05
	Thomas Myers, one lot	1.05
	Conser McClure, one lot	1.05

J. A. KENNEDY, Treasurer.

Treasurer's Office, Ebensburg, March 27, 1882.-7.8t.

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT

THE Venders of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Distillers and Brewers in Cambria county will take notice that they have been classed and appraised by the undersigned Appraiser for the year 1882, as follows:

Class. License.	Class. License.
ALLEGHENY TOWNSHIP.	
14 W. J. Buck... $7 00	14 C. R. & C. Himmelwright... 7 00
14 B. P. Anderson... 7	
ADAMS TOWNSHIP.	
14 Jacob R. Stull... $7 00	14 Daniel Gohn... 7
14 John P. Gohn... 7	14 E. S. Grumlin... 7
BARR TOWNSHIP.	
14 Casper Leib... 7	
BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP.	
14 Isaac Michaels... 7	
CAMBRIA BOROUGH.	
14 Thos. Halloran... $7 00	14 John Kentz... 7
14 James Griffin... 7	14 J. Stibish... 7
14 Thos E. Howe... 7	14 John Dowling... 7
14 Patrick Boyles... 7	4 Porch & Sible (pat. medic's). 7
14 Peter Salley... 7	
14 Martin Fish... 7	
CARROLLTOWN BOROUGH.	
14 J. W. Sharbaugh $7 00	14 V S Barker & Bro 7
14 Philip Deitrich... 7	14 Eckenrode & Schroth. 7
13 S. Teitelbaum... 10	
14 Ed. Gruber... 7	14 A. Haug... 7
14 M. Rist... 7	14 D. A. Luther... 7
14 Eck & Buck... 7	14 C A & S H Buck 7
14 R. F. Maucher... 7	
CROYLE TOWNSHIP.	
14 Jas. D. Plummer $7 00	14 T. H. Heist... 7
14 John Brown... 7	14 G. B. Stineman. 7
14 C. Murphy... 7	
CHEST SPRINGS BOROUGH.	
14 H. J. Hads... $7 00	14 J. Perry & Son... 7
14 Cooper & Mellon. 7	
CHEST TOWNSHIP.	
14 Samuel Gill... 7	
CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.	
14 Thos. Dumphy... $7 00	14 S. B. Corn... 7
COOPERSDALE BOROUGH.	
14 G. W. Statsman $7 00	14 Mich'l Sweeney... 7
14 Jacob Replogle... 7	
CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.	
14 J. Donnelly... $7 00	13 W. Conrad (American S. M. Co.) 10
14 John Widman... 7	14 W. Seigerwald... 7
14 R. Edelman... 7	14 C. Ellsdresser... 7
14 Conrad Gerhardt 7	
EAST CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.	
14 Thomas Carter $7 00	14 P. F. Shaffer... 7
14 J. B. Kauffman... 7	
ELDER TOWNSHIP.	
14 Thomas Ott... 7	
EBENSBURG BOROUGH.	
14 J. M. Thompson $7 00	14 Dr. W. Lemmon. 7
14 Ed. James... 7	14 John Lloyd... 7
14 Kemp & Swartz.. 7	14 John Owens... 7
14 D. Evans... 7	14 E. C. Parrish... 7
14 C. T. Roberts... 7	14 M. E. Davis... 7
14 M. L. Oatman... 7	14 V S Barker & Bro 7
14 Ed. Griffith... 7	14 Jacob Thomas... 7 50
14 Singer M'f'g Co. 7	14 C. Rivinius... 7
14 Mrs. R. E. Jones, 7	14 Davis & Brother. 7
14 George Huntley. 7	14 Thomas Griffith. 7
FRANKLIN BOROUGH.	
14 E. Wissinger... $7 00	14 D. W. Coulter... 7
14 George Paul... 7	14 Martin Custer... 7
14 A. & J. Custer.. 7	14 Peter Rubritz... 7
14 R. S. Harvey... 7	
GALLITZIN BOROUGH.	
14 M B M'Laughlin $7 00	14 J. J. Troxell... 7
14 F. J. Christy... 7 50	4 C. C. Miller (patent medicines). 5
14 M. Whitehead... 7	
14 Thomas Bradley 7	
JOHNSTOWN BOROUGH.	
14 Jacob Fend... $7 00	12 Singer Mfg Co. 12 50
14 Emil Young... 7	14 Brinker Bros... 7
14 W. Levergood. 7	14 D. Fockler... 7
14 A. Metz... 7	14 G. Hoffman... 7
14 W. Caldwell... 7	14 John Brady... 7
11 J & H. Swank. 15	14 W. W. Pike... 7
14 Jacob Wild... 7	14 Sam'l Gwinn... 7
14 H. T. DeFrance 7	14 Davis Bros... 7
13 Luther & Green 10	1 Wood, Morrell & Co... 200
14 G. H. Eisenaur 7	
13 F. W. Kress... 10	14 Job Morgan... 7
14 G. Unverzagt... 7	14 George Orth... 7
14 L. Luckhardt... 7	14 H. Pritchard... 7
14 D. K. Edwards. 7	14 Wm. Owens... 7
14 T & G Gallaher 7	4 D. R. Baird (pat't med's). 5
13 S. J. Hess... 10	14 Geo. Bending... 7
13 N. Snellenburg & Co... 10	14 Charles Murr... 7
14 Phillips & Bro. 7	14 John Ryan... 7
14 John Patterson 7	14 Alex. Butler... 7
13 J. A. M'Kinney 10	14 David Creed... 7
14 A. Nathan... 7	14 George Heiser. 7
14 J. Stenger... 7	14 George Muchelhauser... 7
14 Scott Dibert... 7	13 John Fenn... 10 50
14 L. Cohen... 7	14 John Gerhardt. 7 50
14 A. Montgomery 7	14 M. E. Hager... 7
14 C. T. Frazer... 7	14 L. F. Leitenberger... 7
14 L. Baumer... 7	
14 B. S. Fleck... 7	13 Hay Bros... 10
14 T. W. Kerline.. 7	14 Alex. Reckes... 7
14 W. W. Ankeny 7	14 G. K. Shryock, 7
14 C. B. Cover... 7	14 Brinker Bros... 7
14 Louis Wehn... 7	14 J. M. Johnson. 7
14 C. Kreiger... 7	14 Wilson Cramer 7
14 A Roland & Son 7	14 Croyle & McGarey... 7
14 M. S. Maloy... 7	
14 Wm. Updegraff 7	
13 Hantley & Frounheiser... 10	14 Wm. Strouss... 7
14 F. S. Maloy... 7	11 Thos. Davis... 7
10 Geis, Foster & Quinn... 20	14 C. Hochstine... 7
14 N & C A Horne 7	14 Blanch & Stutzman... 7
11 Jas. J. Murphy 15	14 Fockler & Levergood... 7
14 C. O. Luther... 7	14 People's Store. 7
14 L Luckhardt, jr 7	4 G. H. Wagner, (pat't med's). 5
14 Henderson & Alexander 7	14 Davis Bros... 7
14 M. Mooney... 7	14 Lewis Reese... 7
14 Chas. S. Ruth... 7	14 E. James... 7
13 W. H. Plack... 10	14 David R Jones, 7
14 R. Deitrich... 7	5 T. G. Stewart & Co... 60
14 George Kohler. 7	
14 George Mayer. 7	14 J. Q. A. Benshoof... 7
14 H. Viering... 7	
14 D. L. Keyser... 7	14 A. P. Kinney... 7
14 G. Bosard... 7	14 Simon Young. 7
14 F. Aldridge... 7	12 L. Stargarter.. 12 50
14 Geo. Shaffer... 7	14 L. Baumer... 7
14 Henry Shaffer. 7	12 J. Dibert, sr... 12 50
14 McVicker & Couch 7	14 Thos. Howe... 7
	9 L. M. Wolf... 25
14 Harry Wayne.. 7	9 John Thomas.. 25
14 Geo. Schrader. 7	14 E. Zang... 7
14 J. D. Edwards. 7	14 C. G. Campbell 7
14 G. G. Clark... 7	13 M. Bohm... 10
14 Osborne & Confer 7	14 Jacob Replogle, 7
	14 J. H. Kramer.. 7
11 Cohen & Co... 15	14 O. M. Wilson.. 7
LORETTO BOROUGH.	
14 W Litzinger... $7 00	14 J E Shields... 7
14 H T O'Friel... 7	14 Sol Teitelbaum... 7
14 W W McAteer... 7	
MILLVILLE BOROUGH.	
14 E J Vinton... $7 00	14 F Rodgers... 7
14 H W Ginn... 7	14 Pat'k Connelly... 7
14 G W Statsman... 7	
PORTAGE TOWNSHIP.	
14 Sylv'r M'Kinzies 7 00	14 William Flinn... 7
13 J C Martin & Co 10	14 R T George... 7
14 Wm Pringle, jr. 7	14 Eldridge & Hindle 7
READE TOWNSHIP.	
14 J H Fiske... $7 00	14 S B Corn... 7 50
14 Templeton & Crawford 7 50	14 J S M'Cartney... 7 50
RICHLAND TOWNSHIP.	
5 George Conrad... 7 50	
STONYCREEK TOWNSHIP.	
14 Berry & Petriken 7	14 L W Buck... 7
SUMMITVILLE BOROUGH.	
14 John Ager... $7 00	14 Wm McConnell. 7
14 James Gillen... 7	14 John Riffel... 7 50
WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.	
14 John Conrad... $7 00	14 Mrs John Leib... 7
14 E. A. Thompson. 7	14 A F & J A Parrish... 7
14 J. Leahy & Son... 7	
14 R. L. George... 7	14 Michael Bradley 7
14 C. Leahy... 7	
WILMORE BOROUGH.	
14 P M Brown... $7 00	14 Geo Wentworth.. 7
13 J C Moorhead. 10	4 H W Plotner, pat't medicines... 5
14 H P Kephart & Son... 7	
WHITE TOWNSHIP.	
13 A H Fisk & Co... 10	
WOODVALE BOROUGH.	
14 Adams & Woodring... $7 00	14 J B Clark... 7
UPPER YODER TOWNSHIP.	
14 Jacob L Ream... $7 00	14 Wm Bittner... 7
14 Wm Livingston.. 7	
LOWER YODER TOWNSHIP.	
14 J F Seigh... $7 00	14 H Anderson... 7
TUNNELHILL BOROUGH.	
14 Jas P Murray... $7 00	14 B M Johnston... 7
14 Pat Smith... 7 00	
TAYLOR TOWNSHIP.	
14 S P Morrell... $7 00	14 S P Morrell mfg... 7 00

LIST OF RETAILERS OF SPIRITOUS LIQUORS, as assessed in Cambria county for the year 1882:

Class 5. License.	Class 5. License.
BARR TOWNSHIP.	
N Lambourn... $50 00	Elizab'h Freidhoff. $50 50
CAMBRIA BOROUGH.	
T Judge... $50 00	John Kentz... 50
Henry Gore... 50	George Egner... 50
Bridget Howe... 50	B Fitzpatrick... 50 50
J Lysett... 50	Michael Halloran.. 50
Chas Boyle... 50 50	P McLaughlin... 50
M Stibich... 50	Thomas Springer.. 50
Peter Roth... 50	Dan'l Burkhardt.. 50
CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.	
John Carr... $50 00	Philip Hertzinger. 50 50
George Held... 50 50	Lawrence Reich... 50
Joseph Mentzer... 50	L W Shank... 50
John Gerhardt... 50 50	John Murton... 50
John J Hornick... 50	Fred'k Beuler... 50
John Swartzman... 50 50	
CROYLE TOWNSHIP.	
Peter Brown... $50 00	John D Thomas... 50
John Wentroth... 50	
CHEST SPRINGS BOROUGH.	
J R Litzinger... $50 50	Scott Byrnes... 50 50
John Crouse... 50	
CHEST TOWNSHIP.	
Joseph Roddy... $50 00	George Crook... 50 50
CARROLL TOWNSHIP.	
T J Weakland... 50	
CARROLLTOWN BOROUGH.	
Julius Stich... $50 50	A Haug... $50
Lawrence Schroth.. 50 50	Haug & Langbein. 50 50
L Binder... 50	
EAST CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.	
M Kelly... 50	
EBENSBURG BOROUGH.	
T H Heist... $50 00	Mich'l Latterner.. 50 50
John A Blair... 50	P F Brown... 50
Mrs C Foster... 50	
ELDER TOWNSHIP.	
Charles Endler... $50 00	Frank H Ott... 50 00
GALLITZIN BOROUGH.	
Mich'l Fitzharris.. $50 00	Albert Bender... 50
JOHNSTOWN BOROUGH.	
Rob't Henderson. $50 00	David Faloon... 50 50
Henry Shaffer... 50	Henry Fritz... 50
John M King... 50	C Kast... 50
C Zimmerman, sr.. 50 50	Jacob Bopp... 50
Joseph Crouse... 50	James Millegan .. 50
E H Willour... 50	Joseph Boxler... 50
Neal Sharkey... 50	John Fritz... 50
John Coad... 50	John Gauss... 50
Philip Schultels... 50	Mrs Crosan Winn 50
John V Shaffer... 50	Robert Sagerson... 50
John Scheffhauer.. 50	Conrad Raab... 50 50
John Raab... 50 50	Thomas Davis... 50 50
Patrick O'Connell. 50	Thomas Kinney... 50
D H Davis... 50	Joseph Kost... 50
John McDermott.. 50	Stephen Quirk... 50 50
William Thomas... 50	H Greenwood... 50 50
George Raab... 50 50	John Emerling... 50
LORETTO BOROUGH.	
A J Christy... $50 00	J Bengele... 50
MILLVILLE BOROUGH.	
E A James... $50 00	Patrick Rodgers... 50
A Mulherron... 50	Thos McDermott.. 50
Neal McAnany... 50	Mary Grady... 50
Catharine Dowling 50 50	
PROSPECT BOROUGH.	
Hugh McMonigal... 50 50	
RICHLAND TOWNSHIP.	
Bernard Ness... $50 50	P S Freidhoff... 50 50
STONYCREEK TOWNSHIP.	
Frederick Rhoem... 50 50	
TUNNELHILL BOROUGH.	
Pat'k Fitzpatrick $50 00	Anthony McCue... 50
Pat'k O'Dowd... 50	M McMorris... 50 50
WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.	
John H Clark... $50 00	John Metzgar... 50
C A George... 50	Pat J McCormick. 50
George Brandt... 50	C Mulberron... 50
Margaret Hoelle... 50	John Hamilton... 50 50
C Robine... 50 50	
UPPER YODER TOWNSHIP.	
Chauncey Davis... $50 00	Jacob Ream... 50
William Bowman... 50	

EATING HOUSE LICENSE.

Class 5. License.	Class 5. License.
CAMBRIA BOROUGH.	
Charles H Mater.. $20 00	Anton Sager... $20 50
Frank Kurtz... 20	
CARROLLTOWN BOROUGH.	
Henry Blum... $20 00	F & C Ager... 20
CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.	
Catharine Sloan... 20	
CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.	
John Bender... $20 00	J J Rhody... 20 50
GALLITZIN BOROUGH.	
A Gengler... $20 00	M Denny... 20
Joseph Dashner... 20	
JOHNSTOWN BOROUGH.	
Charles Wehn... $20 50	James Conkle... 20
Frederick Ream... 20	
LORETTO BOROUGH.	
Charles Adelsberger... 20	
SUMMERHILL TOWNSHIP.	
John Roehm... 20	
STONYCREEK TOWNSHIP.	
Jacob Jacoby... 20 50	
WILMORE BOROUGH.	
P F Kirby... 20	
WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.	
George J. Schwarderer... 20	
UPPER YODER TOWNSHIP.	
W L Livingston... 20 50	

Class.	BREWERIES.	License.
9	F & C Ager, Carrolltown Borough	$15 00
9	Henry Blum, " "	15
8	Julius Stich, " "	25 50
8	Jacob Gainor, Cambria Borough	25
8	Lambert & Kress, Conemaugh Borough	25
9	Lawrence Kast, " "	15
9	Aaukenbaur & Co., Gallitzin Borough	15
9	Charles Wehn, Johnstown Borough	15 50
9	Charles Emerling, " "	15
9	Jacob Widman " "	15
9	Geo J Schwarderer, Washington Twp	15
	QUART LICENSE.	
13	John Ludwig & Son, Johnstown Boro'	25
13	Fisher & Co., " "	25

BILLIARD TABLES.

C J & C Hoffman, Conem'h Boro', 1 table.. $ 30
Jacob Hipple, " 3 tables. 50
Charles Boyles, Cambria Boro', 1 table... 30 50
S E Ogden, Johnstown Borough, 2 tables... 40
John Coad, " " 1 table... 30
James Clark, " " 6 tables... 80
Joseph Boxler, " " 1 table... 30
John Downey, " " 6 tables... 80
John Zobel, " " 8 " ... 100
A Mulherron, Millville Borough, 1 table... 30
W D Tyler, Washington Township, 4 tables 8

TEN-PIN ALLEYS.

Jacob Hippel, Conemaugh Boro', 1 alley... $20
W D Tyler, Washington Township, 2 alleys. 8

TAKE NOTICE, all who are concerned in this appraisement, that an Appeal will be held at the Commissioners' Office, Ebensburg, on the *5th day of June, 1882*, when and where you may attend if you think proper.

J. S. KIEL, Appraiser.

April 28, 1882.-5t.

A GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY IS THE LOSS OF

MANHOOD

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and *radically*.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

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At James' Drug Store, Ebensb'g. [8-12.-1y.]

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.



This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. HISCOX & CO., N.Y. 50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic.

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

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FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

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on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

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Sines Dysentery Compound

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Sines Syrup of Tar Wild Cherry and Hoarhound for Coughs & Colds

Try it. It will cure you

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PE-RU-NA

This is a new remedy, originally compounded and introduced to the medical profession and the public at large by S. B. Hartman, M. D., of 307 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa., who has prescribed it to over 40,000 patients, and in every case with the most gratifying success.

Its effect upon the system is entirely unlike that of any other remedy, and is the only medicine needed in almost every disease to which flesh is heir—Epilepsy (Falling Fits) being the only exception. In this PERUNA should not be used. In Constipation and Diseases of the Female Organs and Bladder, MANALIN should be given with it. PERUNA is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, each one, according to medical authors, a great remedy in itself.

Dr. Hartman has succeeded in extracting the active principles from these ingredients and in combining them into one simple compound, which at once coincides with the VIS MEDICATRIX NATURA in every disease, and the work of restoration commences with the first dose. There is not an organ that it will not reach nor a disease it will not cure. For particulars send for a pamphlet.

S. B. HARTMAN & CO., Osborn, Ohio.

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☞ Sold at the New Drug Store, Postoffice, Ebensburg, Pa. [5-13,'81.-1y.*]

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 409 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

NEW RICH BLOOD!

Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.

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OPIUM Morphine HABIT CURED in 10 to 20 DAYS.

THOUSANDS of references from persons cured. No pay until Cured. Dr. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, O.

$999 a year to Agents, and expenses. $6 Outfit free. Address P. Shore & Co., Augusta, Me.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

THE BORER AND CURCULIO.

When the ground begins to warm and plants spring up, the insects immediately get to work to deprive the grower of his harvest. We should bear in mind that the strongest instincts of insects are the perpetuation of their species, and it is mainly from this desire they work mischief. Our duty, then, if we would destroy the parent, is to wage war against the offspring. The most formidable two of the insect tribe are the borer and curculio. The potato beetle is simply troublesome. The borer comes from an insect about the size of a ... which usually deposits it eggs in June. These eggs very soon hatch, and the grubs enter the bark of the tree at the surface of the ground. The grub is voracious, and feeds till fall, when it enters its chrysalis state, coming forth in the spring. The work of the borer can be easily detected by his chips, which he throws to the rear of him as he works forward. He is easily killed with a piece of bent wire, or even a long-bladed pocket-knife if he has not gone far in an upward direction. A careful examination once or twice a week of the orchard will prevent him doing much damage before being caught. It is a good plan to keep poultry in the orchard. Grubs are dainty morsels to them, and so are the eggs of the insects, but hens will not always eat the perfect fly. Banking up the earth around the tree affords protection if the dirt is removed in the fall. Lime is destructive to the eggs and grub, and a profuse application of lime or unleached ashes often keeps them away, as instinct prompts the mother not to deposit her eggs where there is danger.

The curculio works at the top, among the branches. It is hard to get at, owing to the danger of injuring the tree. The insects cannot endure a sudden jar, though shaking the tree has no effect upon them. The curculio must be captured and killed, and to do this a large nail should be driven into the tree—which does the tree no injury—and a heavy blow struck upon it sufficient to give the tree a quick, sudden jar. This causes the curculio to fall to the ground. Most fruit growers spread sheets upon the ground to receive the insects when they fall, and fire puts an end to them. As to ... reach the curculio, we have ... sort, and one of the most effective of all—that is, to encourage wrens to remain in the orchard. If boxes are placed in the orchard with holes small enough to keep out the blue bird and pestiferous sparrows the wrens will build in them, but not unless the holes are small enough for them to barely enter. ... very small in size, the wren will seek such boxes for protection, and they will wage relentless war on all insects.

A CITY WITHOUT HORSES.

I need not think it necessary ... except for the matter of figures, ... Venice is built on seventy-two small islands, in size from an acre upward, formerly soft, muddy deposits through which the rising tide languidly flowed; that it had its origin in the fear of Attila and his Northern barbarians, which drove thousands from the mainland to take shelter in this desolate swamp; that the city transacts its more important commerce almost entirely upon the water, having no wheeled vehicles whatever, and no streets for horses and no horses, except the three that are kept in the museum for the youngsters to see as a curiosity; that the seventy-two original islands are now intersected by 147 canals, which are crossed by ... bridges reached by steps on either side; that the "streets" so-called, which connect these bridges and are traversed by foot passengers, are only four to eight feet wide, squirming everywhere between the houses, and in three or four places where there is constant and much passing narrowing to a foot and a half, virtually excluding stout persons from the use of the thoroughfare.

The gondolas are used for the travel of the few—that is, of those who have some money to spend for luxuries—the narrow streets are used by the masses. Most of the traffic is carried on in these streets. There are no hand carts, no dog carts, no wheelbarrows, nothing on wheels. Everything is carried on the head or shoulders or in the hand. I saw a man bearing a quarter of beef on his naked head—for our breakfast very likely.

Fresh water is received from two sources—a little from twenty-six artesian wells, but the most from the country, from which it is brought and kept in tanks. It is free to the public from 9 to 10 and 4 to 6 each day and sold the rest of the time, and between these hours young women may be seen hurrying to and from the reservoirs with metallic yokes across their shoulders three feet long, and two-gallon copper buckets borne thereon, in which the water is carried.

There is only one newspaper in Venice, and one crier of papers in the streets, and this vender makes a noise between a yelp and a bray—a sad but desperate noise, as if the epiglottis had been struck by lightning and he was about to expire in mortal agony.

SIMPLE REMEDY.—The *American Agriculturist* says "Felons," which are usually termed "Whitlow," by physicians, we believe, are a very painful and often a very serious affection of the fingers, generally of the last joints, and often near or involving the nails. As the fingers are much exposed to bruises, felons are quite common among those who constantly use their hands at hard work. If allowed to continue until matter (pus) forms, and the periosteum or bone sheathing is affected, lancing is necessary; but if taken in time, a simple application of copal varnish, covered with a bandage, is highly recommended. If the varnish becomes dry or unpleasantly hard, a little soft varnish may be applied from time to time. When a cure is effected, the varnish is easily removed by rubbing into it a little lard and washing with soap and water. Dr. B. Isham details in "Medical News" a number of cases of its application with uniform success, where formation of pus has not previously occurred. In two cases there was apparently a combination of "run around" with the felon, and in all of them there was a swelling, redness, heat, and great pain. He suggests the use of copal varnish for felons, "running around" boils, and all local acute inflammation of external parts.

ONE WAY TO PREVENT DECAY OF WOOD POSTS.—The decay of wood imbedded in the earth is difficult to guard against, but, according to the ... Farmers' Gazette, a simple precaution, costing neither money nor labor, will increase the durability of posts put in the ground by 50 per cent. This is simply by taking care that the wood is inverted, *i. e.* placed in the opposite direction to that in which it grew. Experiments have proved that oak posts put into the ground in the same position in which they grew, top upwards, were rotten in twelve years, while their neighbors, cut from the same tree, and placed top downward in the soil, showed no signs of decay for several years afterward. The theory is that the capillary tubes in the tree are so adjusted as to oppose the rising moisture when the wood is inverted.

FILL a dish pan full of hot water and add half a cup of milk. It softens the hardest water, gives the dishes a bright color, and preserves the hands from the rough skin or chapping which comes from using soap. It also cleans the greasiest dishes without leaving the water covered with scum.